CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

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MANUEL KOMROFF

VINCENT STARRETT

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

PARKE CUMMINGS

BOB BROWN

AND OTHERS

FEBRUARY, 1939

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

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CORONET
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1939

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THE ART OF CONVERSATION

THERE ARE FOUR CARDINAL SINS TO SHUN;
SEVEN ENVIABLE VIRTUES TO CULTIVATE

TO LEARN how one should *not* talk is easy enough. Terrible examples abound on all sides of one. Here are four, transcribed without the slightest exaggeration from real life.

(1) A very learned but not very agreeable man of my acquaintance rarely emerges from his habitual silence except to interrupt a conversation by saying: "What's your evidence for that statement?" When you have adduced your evidence—supposing that you chance to be lucky enough to have any—he purses up his lips scornfully and retires again into his silence.

(2) Recently at a large dinner I was placed next to a lady whom I had never met before. She told me at once that she had just returned from such an interesting visit to New York. She said that the first night there she went to the theatre; she said it was a splendid production; and she proceeded to recount to me in detail the exciting plot of the play. The play was *Hamlet*. By the time the dinner was over, she had got almost to the end of the fourth act. I never did learn how the play came out.

(3) I have a cousin who is a nice fellow—but he is hipped on a theory of his own invention which he calls "The Dogma of Rhythmic Dynamic Balance." According to him, if a thing is "on Balance," it is good; if it is "off Balance," it is no good. No matter what subject you mention to him—whether it be Hitler or the New York Yankee team or the weather, he will immediately account for its good or bad qualities by showing you how it fits into his theory.

(4) One day last summer four of the most brilliant talkers of our time happened to be gathered together as guests in my living room. There was a Nobel Prize winner, a novelist, an editor and a poet. It was one of those perfect conversations in which each man present takes his due part—presenting without insistence or rancor his own views on some of the most debatable aspects of our modern world, and listening attentively to what everybody else has to say. Nobody was oratorical, nobody was impatient, nobody tried to hold the floor all the time, nobody was bored. The air was electric with the amiable clash of five different and highly in-

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dividual minds. We were ready to go on all afternoon and perhaps half the night.

Then a lady whom I know only slightly drove up—and I had to bring her in. She sat down, and for more than fifty minutes poured out an uninterrupted stream of minor autobiography.

Finally the Nobel Prize winner, who has red hair and a quick temper, gave me a look of indignant anguish. I nodded to him; yes, I knew only too well that it was my responsibility as the host to take some action. So the next time the lady paused for breath, I turned swiftly to my red-headed friend and said: "You know, there are certain resemblances between what this lady has been telling us and some of the things you were telling us of Russia!" "Yes!" he said—and instantaneously began to speak; the other three men aroused themselves from the dozes into which they had fallen—and before the intruder knew what had happened the conversation that she had murdered was alive and on its feet again. We gave her no further opportunity to open her mouth; but I am sure that she was unaware of the plot against her, for when she went away she said she thanked us all so much—and wouldn't I please telephone her to come over any time that this interesting group was gathered at my house again. We stared at one another in wonder, poured ourselves some more beer, and then we continued our talking.

These four examples of horror that I have mentioned are enough of horrors. Let us now consider not the improper but the good way of talking—

(1) The first essential of good talking is that one should have something to say. Everyone has something interesting to say—but it will not be a thing that he memorized last night out of one of those remarkable books that tell you how to be a social success and speak French in twelve lessons. It will be something real, native to his character, derived from what he has seen and felt and thought. Conversation cannot be copied or learned by heart. It is neither a diamond set in one's front teeth to be flashed in momentary glory, nor is it a wooden leg which one has bought in the hope that it will be mistaken for a real leg. Good talk is as much a part of oneself as one's life-blood.

We need not be afraid to speak of the subjects we know best. It is not true that "shop-talk" bores other people. On the contrary, "shop-talk" is a wonderful kind of talk if it is presented not in technical terms but in words of wide human comprehensibility. All of us are eager to have a glimpse into the special fields where other men are working; and we are wholly sympathetic when they speak to us of their established facts, their present hopes and their great future ideals. The conversation of such a man will enchant us. I know a naturalist whose accurate information and gnomish fancy enable him, when he

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talks of skunks, to disclose in these humble and grievously misunderstood creatures a charm and mystery which theologians have in vain tried to attribute to angels.

(2) The second essential of good talking is not to dwell too long on one's personal prejudices. If you hate Mr. Roosevelt or if you admire Mr. Roosevelt your simple statement of that fact is about all that we your listeners care to hear. We know now where you stand on this controversial matter. We have already heard every possible argument on both sides. You must do us the honor of assuming that we too read the papers; we are not ignorant of the reports of unemployment and graft and high taxes and all the rest of the truths and lies that have been disseminated; and we doubt whether your reading of the press has put at your disposal any information that is not at our disposal also. And so we beg you to refrain, as an act of grace and mercy, from explaining the whole matter to us all over again.

In saying this, I am assuming that you are neither Herr Hitler nor Señor Cardenas nor Signor Mussolini; if you are, you may be assured that we will listen attentively to your views on Mr. Roosevelt no matter at what length you may care to talk. For then your views would have the importance of historic facts, quite apart from their inherent accuracy.

(3) The third point worthy of attention is the desirability of ending what one has to say in a manner that gives easy and attractive opportunity for the other person to take up the discussion and to develop the topic further as he expresses his own views. To do this requires no more mysterious mental equipment than a genuine interest in learning what are the thoughts of the other man. Some people do not have this interest; all they want is to blurt out their own opinions and then stop, with a kind of "And that's that!" manner. Good manners, propriety, consideration, lack of egotism are essentials of good conversation. One should never end a statement with a dead-wall of allegation for the other man to butt up against; one should always slide a door open for his entry—as by saying: "But perhaps you know more of this matter than I do. What are your views?"

(4) A conversation should not be an attempt to prove something or to defeat the other fellow in an argument. It should be half-playful, half-serious; it should be an attempt to hold up an object to the sun, to view it from many angles, to enjoy its form and color, and to try to discover a little more of its significance than one knew at the beginning. It is a joint exploration, not a battle.

In one way, conversation is like a game of tennis; in other ways it is like a dance. In certain respects you are playing against an opponent whose swiftly delivered ball you must return with strategic skill if the game

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is to be kept going; but in other respects, you are not confronting an opponent but are co-operating with a partner to whose movements you must respond harmoniously if the dance is not to become a grotesque burble-bumble. A good conversation is likely to shift momentarily back and forth between these two states: at one moment it will be a fencing-match, at the next moment a necking-party. But it ought not to get stuck permanently in either of these situations. Half of the fun and adventure of a conversation is that you never know exactly what kind of an encounter this really is. If it weren't a little dangerous, it would be dull; if it were steadily hostile or steadily acquiescent, it would be a waste of time.

(5) Yet, as a fifth point, it should be noted that experienced talkers are wary to avoid a certain type of subject. It is folly to discuss Catholicism or Communism or Atheism or Capitalism with a person whose views are diametrically the opposite of your own. When one gets into these regions, where the emotions are deeply involved and where perhaps inherited prejudices overrule all other considerations, it is wiser to shift to some other subject. Sooner or later, what ought to be a pleasant and thoughtful interchange of ideas will degenerate into a slugging-match: and what fun is that?

(6) As a sixth note on this subject, may I record a curious personal impression? It seems to me that many of the best conversations I have ever listened to were spiced with considerable intervals of meditative silence. If I am right about this, then it would seem to follow that one need not be in a hurry to express one's views. Probably they are not very wise views, anyway; but such as they are, it may be well to produce them in ripened, orderly fashion. There is no hurry; there is no hurry at all. This is not motoring; we are not trying to rush from one uninteresting place to another uninteresting place; we are strolling through a countryside, for our refreshment and instruction, and examining the landscape as we pass.

(7) And lastly—one should attempt in talking to be severely accurate in his choice of words and to employ the full range of his vocabulary. It gives the speaker distinct pleasure to try to use the precise word that expresses just what he means, and it brings an equal pleasure to the listener. The habitual use of such adjectives as "nifty" and "rotten" and "swell" to describe everything from chocolate ice cream to the philosophy of George Santayana is the mark of an unreflective and undernourished mind. We should try to speak richly, not meagerly; specifically, not vaguely: we should define and color our thought like an autumn maple branch against a blue sky, not lose it in obscurity.

But perhaps you, sir, know more of this matter than I do. What are your views? —Arthur Davison Ficke

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TINKER

THEY SAY COLORED FOLKS' FEELINGS ARE LIKE A CHILD'S, BUT WHO KNOWS THE HURTS OF ANOTHER?

On week days he was known as Tinker, and as Rev'run' on Sundays. Some of the Negroes called him also the "tin-fix man"; but Tinker was his professional work-a-day title, even though at our house he came to do what he termed "outside cleanin'." He scrubbed the paint of porches, balconies, rails, sills and fences and washed the windows to glimmering.

If my little sister and I met him on a Sunday, however, we knew as well as his flock did that the Sabbath salutation must be "Rev'run'"; for Tinker was a lay preacher.

He was a good one, too, they said.

"Ole man Debbil got-a run to his place an' pull shut de trap do' behind him, when *he* begins noratin'," the grizzled wood-sawyer once told me. "An', li'l Missy, lemme tell you why. Dis-yer preacher man *means* fo' true what he say. He a good man. He doan' sing psalms fo' a gravy to hide de bad meat o' onrighteousness. No, *ma'am*. He slices hones', right clear to de ham-bone."

He used to sing a hymn as he worked. I can see him and hear him still, standing tall and straight on the window-ledge, scrubbing and singing in a rich baritone,

"I wonder if Chris', de Redeemer,
Will save a po' sinner like me."

Sometimes my young father would stand in the library window that opened on the "downstairs back gallery" and tease Tinker as he worked there, by singing a variant of the last line:

"Will save a poor *tinner* like me."

Tinker's iron-black face would smile into a hundred wrinkles. But once he said, gravely, "Now, Boss! Dat ain't de gospel fac'. A po' sinner I is, an' de Lawd, He pitifully know it. But I is a *good tinner;* an' I reckon He sho'ly know dat, too. I counts on dat to git me grace."

"Tinker, the great John Bunyan was both a preacher and a tinker, too."

"'Round heah, suh? How come I ain't nebber heered tell o' *him?*" with professional rivalry in his tone. "A *preacher* nicknamed *Bunions?* Oh, my!"

"Far away. Long ago. He was white," our father hastened to say, alert and understanding.

"Dat's diff'unt."

"Haven't you ever read a book

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by the name of *Pilgrim's Progress?*"

"I ain't much schooled, suh. I ain't nebber read no book th'ough, but one—an' I cayn't really rightly read dat-un. But, when I gits holdt o' de muzzle of a tex', I kin manage to foller him th'ough to his tail."

"When your work's done, Tinker, I'll read from that book to you."

When the task was finished we brought the arm-chair outside, into the afternoon sun; for we knew we must not let my father begin to cough.

That's how I first heard *Pilgrim's Progress*—one beautiful voice reading on and the other beautiful voice interjecting, "Yes, Lawd!" and "Amen!"

Tinker's eyes were shining. "Kin I use dat fo' sermons, suh?"

"I'll give you the text Bunyan used, for any part you wish, Tinker—to preserve your orthodoxy," eye-twinkles hidden.

"Dunno 'bout dat, suh. But I is got to p'eserve ma *job*."

The readings to Tinker became a custom.

"An' Mas' Bunyan, he was a *tinker*!" he said. "An' in de jail-house! Lawsy! But I ain't gwine tole ma Niggers dat part—'bout de jail—lessen dey gits to thinkin' dat gittin' tooked up fo' razor-fightin' an' drunk is hallowed by dis man's bein' jailed fo' preachin' his conscience. I got-a be keerful to guide 'em straight. When dey go bad it hurts me sore. I done heered a white gem-man say dat colored folks' feelin's is like chillun's feelin's, quick to come an' quick to go. But I doan' rightly know how anybody kin tell 'bout other folks' feelin's. An' seems like some hurts hurt any man, sore an' long."

Tinker would ask for an explanation sometimes, and I was often glad, because I'd be wanting one, too.

"'Scuse it, please, suh," when we came to the Delectable Mountains. "What mean dat word, *delec'able?*"

As the reader expounded it, the word *delectable* seemed to shine and expand in a glory and to fill heaven and earth with beneficence and delight. So many things sprang into joy!

"Delec'able Mountains!" said Tinker. "I lif's ma eyes to de hills—"

Sometimes, when he was working on or near the ground, my little sister and I would beg Tinker for a story, though we knew he would rebuke us for calling it that.

"Bofe you-all knows right smart I doesn't tell *stories* an' sech foolishness. I tells *par'bles*. To teach wif. Like we Exampled to do. Stories! No, Missies. Our time too precious. Our time gwine pass on soon enough, wifout folks doin' things to *pass* de time."

"Then, please, tell us a parable, Tinker."

"Wait'll I clean dis messy winder-ledge. If cussin' is ever fergave, it ought to be 'count o' sparrers. Well, lessee! I'll tell de par'ble o' De Man dat Foun' a Lump o' Gold. Dis-yer man was a po' man an' had to labor hard on de land fo' what he got, an' *den* he didn' git it. But he kep' his mouth-ends turned up an' make de

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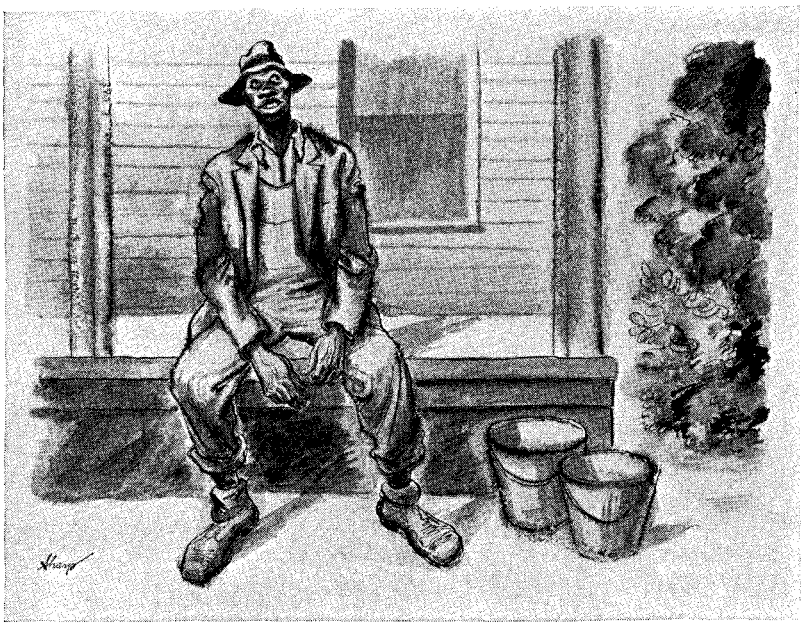

best o' things. Bymeby other folks got to tellin' him dey troubles. It made him feel powerful sorry inside—listenin' to so many worries an' cayn't fix 'em.

"Well, bress de Lawd! So, one day, dis-yer man was diggin' an', lo an' behold, he come 'crost a lump o' gold—dat big!"

"Goody!" Little Sister cried.

"Warn't it? So he say, 'Come, neighbors, all! Us'll divide up dis gold, a piece fo' all o' you-all an' a piece fo' me. So us kin all git our needfuls.' An' *did* dey come a-runnin'? Well, look! Dat man got so busy dividin' up dat lump o' gold, he ain't remembered to keep any fo' hisse'f. Not a smidgeon!"

"Oh!" I sighed.

Little Sister looked ready to cry. "But I suppose the people brought him the things he needed," I said to comfort her.

Tinker shook his head. "No'm. Dey nebber did. You got to git used to folks actin' like folks."

"Oh, why?" near tears.

"He say he done foun' out he didn't really need nothin' but peace, an' he *got* peace when folks around him had plenty 'nough to fergit him an' be happy."

"Is *that* the *end?*"

"A good end, too. You think 'bout

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it, off an' on, an' see if 'taint. It's a par'ble."

Little Sister looked unconsoled, so Tinker said to her, "Heah's a li'l one, jess yo' size. Listen. It's 'bout a mouse."

Sister brightened. "Chocolate?"

"No'm. A live mouse."

"A little cute one. Wouldn't hurt anybody," I said quickly.

"Dis mouse, he war grey, an' he wanted to be purkle."

"Purple," I whispered.

"He think purkle mices would be mo' prettier dan grey uns."

"Oh, so do I, too," Little Sister agreed.

"So he went an' rolled in de pansies. But dat didn't do *nothin'*."

"'Cept to the pansies," Little Sister said reprovingly.

Tinker chuckled and there came a laugh from the library window.

"Den he rolled aroun' in de purkle velvet curtains in de parlor; but de color didn't come off on him a speck. An' he try other ways an' none ob 'em done no good. So what you s'pose dat mouse do, den?"

"Cried?"

"No, indeedy! Dis war a smart mouse. He too smart to cry 'bout it. When he seen he couldn' git to be purkle, he jess nat'rally change his mind an' decide dat a li'l *grey* mouse is jess de pretties' way fo' a mouse to be. So den he ev'y bit as happy as if he been purkle. It's a par'ble. You think 'bout it."

"Ye—es. But being too little for a tricycle is *not* better than having one, Tinker," Little Sister said, and again Tinker's laughter was echoed from within the library window.

★ ★ ★

For a long time, after it had happened, Tinker stayed away from our house.

When he came, I was sitting alone on the step below that window from which the brave young figure had gone forever.

Tinker didn't look at me. I thought he couldn't bear to see me in my little black dress.

He carried his two rag-and-soap-filled pails, swung on a rope, over one shoulder and his mops and broom, tied together with a cloth, in the other hand; but he hadn't come to our house to work.

He stood a long while under that window, with his eyes closed and his lips moving.

"He's saving his prayers," I said to myself.

I saw tears slide from under his lids and down the iron-black cheeks.

Then Tinker opened his eyes and spoke softly; I couldn't be certain whether to me or to that empty window.

"Dem Mountains!" he said. "Dey sho'ly is Delec'able—*now!*"

Tinker balanced broom and mop on his shoulders and went away, singing brokenly,

"Will save a po' *tinner* like me."

Tinker never came to our house again. For some hurts hurt any man, sore and long.—STELLA G. S. PERRY

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CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM

FOUR PAINTINGS OF THE DUTCH SCHOOL

One of the greatest of the Dutch "little-masters," Gerard Ter Borch (1617-1681) was well content to paint life around him as he saw it. Reproduced above is *A Music Party*, revealing his preoccupation with everyday existence and, incidentally, his partiality to silks and satins.

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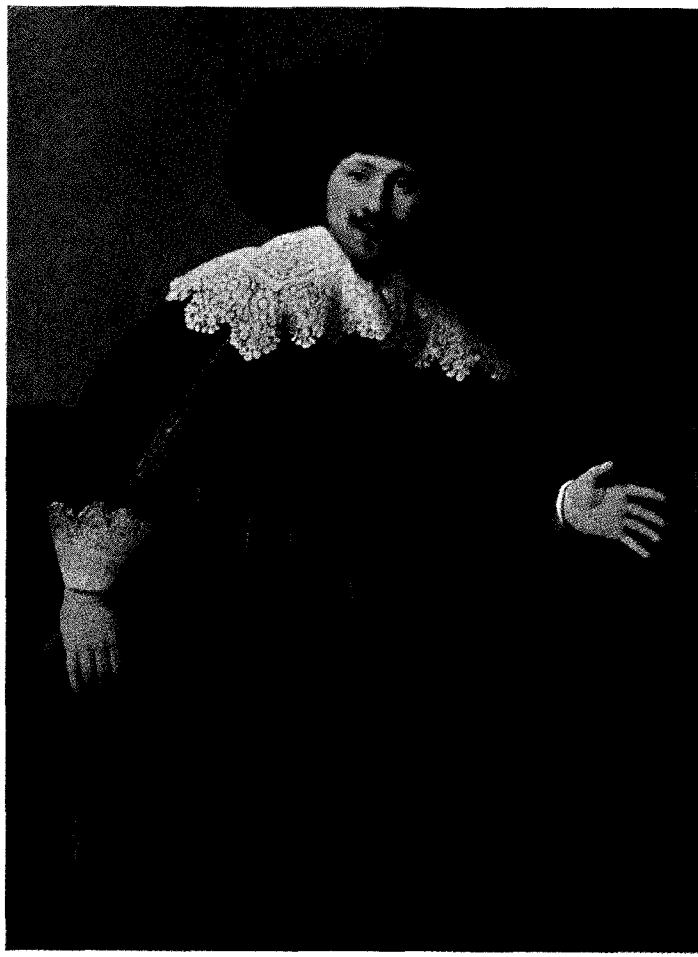

TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

A YOUNG MAN BY REMBRANDT

In this portrait by Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-1669) is demonstrated how fundamental a part light and shadow played in his color systems. The light, indeterminable as to source, serves virtually as a psychological accent. The figure ideally integrates with the total pattern.

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CINCINNATI ART MUSEUM

A DUTCH FAMILY BY HALS

The disorder that marked the personal life of Frans Hals (1580?-1666) is not altogether missing from this painting. Such treatment shows him at his sunniest—the positions of the figures free and natural, the expressions full of joviality, and the effect animated.

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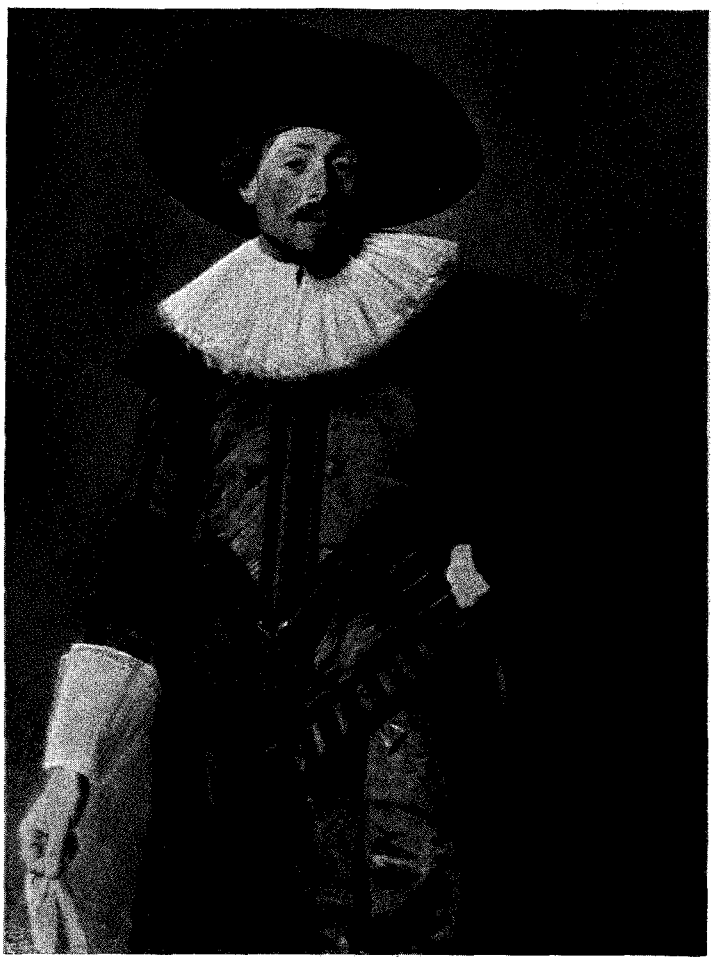

TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

MICHIEL DE WAEL BY HALS

Portraiture did not give Hals his full scope, but by no means did it quell his robustiousness. In a day when ordinary citizens were just realizing that portraits were not a monopoly of the nobility, Hals' flattering bravura deeply touched their hearts and pocketbooks.

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THERE IS NO DRINK PROBLEM

SKIP THE PEP TALK—THE ONLY SURE CURE IS THE ONE THAT GOES BEYOND THE BOTTLE

IF THERE is any justice in the next world I'm afraid a firing squad will be arranged for the relatives of drinking men and for all reformers who try to cure alcoholics by giving them inspirational advice!" So said a well-known physician in charge of the alcoholic ward of a New York City hospital the other day. His comment was occasioned by the fact that the visiting hour was at hand and the ward would soon be swarming with wives, parents and relatives.

"The superstitions that the relatives of drinking men cherish about alcoholism are the cause of a third of our difficulties in treating alcoholics. You can't tell them anything. They are serenely confident that George drinks because he is the victim of some strange, insidious craving for alcohol, or that he inherited a taste for liquor from his great-grandfather, or that he has a weak character and can't control himself. Hence, they arrive here all prepared to give George a tongue-lashing about his evil habits, or else a little sermon about the virtues of will power and self-control. By the time they go home, most of my patients will need sedatives." He paced the small white-tiled hospital office with his hands in his pockets.

"Isn't there a disease of some kind that causes a craving for alcohol?" I asked.

"No. That particular superstition has caused more misunderstanding about alcoholism than any other. No drinker has any special craving for alcohol. What he craves is a partial or complete unconsciousness. Alcohol is only one means of inducing it. Morphine, chloroform or ether would be just as effective. Obviously, no man craves unconsciousness unless he is in pain. The question with every drinker is, what kind of a mental or physical pain has he that makes him crave unconsciousness? There is no point whatever in curing him of drinking. He may use drugs instead."

"You mean, every drinker is ill in some respect and uses alcohol as an opiate?"

"Yes. Every hard drinker has some painful mental or physical disease or some acute emotional problem that has become so difficult to endure that he longs for an anesthesia of any kind.

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Even social drinkers and men who go on periodic sprees are known to have fairly serious personal problems. They seek relief in alcohol chiefly because it is socially acceptable and easier to obtain than drugs. Excessive drinking is always a danger signal, a warning that the individual is in some intolerable situation from which he feels impelled to escape. One might as well curse a cancer victim for craving morphine as to hurl epithets or inspirational advice at a drinker for using alcohol. The cause of his suffering is the problem, not his method of relieving it.

"This ward and every other in the city always has a certain number of men who are what we call constitutionally inferior. By that I mean, mentally and physically below normal. They haven't the stamina or mental resources for even simple manual labor and are unemployable. They beg for a living and will drink hair tonic, varnish or in fact anything they can get their hands on that will induce a stupor. Very little can be done for them. Constitutional inferiority is incurable. The neurasthenic drinker presents much the same problem. Neurasthenia is a disease of the nervous system that causes a chronic sense of fatigue. These men cannot stand the tension and strain of an ordinary office or factory job and use alcohol to blunt their senses. They seldom get drunk but use just enough alcohol every day to keep an 'edge' on. Neurasthenia is very difficult to cure.

"Then every ward has a certain number of alcoholics who are syphilitic. The advanced stages are painful and most of these men use drugs or alcohol to ease their suffering. I'm afraid I would, too. The disease is incurable in the advanced stages. In the same category are drinkers with other physical diseases or disorders. Many men with serious complaints will often postpone going to a clinic or private physician for treatment for years, especially when they believe an operation may be necessary. In the meantime they will doctor themselves and rely on alcohol to relieve their discomfort. In the course of years they become addicted to alcohol. By the time we get them, the physical complaint that made them drink in the first place, has usually reached the incurable stage."

"But only a relatively small number of drinkers have physical diseases," I objected, for it seemed to me that most of the hard drinkers of my own acquaintance were reasonably sound and healthy.

"Yes, the largest percentage of drinkers are mental cases."

"You mean, insane?"

"No, mentally or emotionally maladjusted. Go to any bar in the city after five in the afternoon and you will find that out of every twenty men who are regular patrons, there are ten cases of infantilism, six neurotics, two borderline psychotics, and two who have some physical disease or deformity. That's the ratio. You won't find

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psychotics among the regular patrons because proprietors throw them out. They are apt to become unmanageable when they get drunk. There is a borderline psychotic, however, that you will find at ever bar. That's the manic-depressive type. He's popularly known as the 'periodic' drinker.

"During periods of elation he enthusiastically swears off liquor for life, announces that he is 'cured' and stays sober as long as the cycle lasts. Then his friends and relatives say, 'Thank God, George has turned over a new leaf!' A few weeks or months later, his period of depression returns and he gets gloriously drunk again and usually stays drunk for the remainder of the depressed period. These cycles are sometimes two or three weeks apart, sometimes months or even a year or so apart. It depends on the stage of the disease. He has these cycles of elation and depression whether he drinks or not. Of course, indulgence makes the condition worse, but if you can imagine having a mental toothache for weeks or months without letup, you will appreciate what these periods of depression mean for the psychotic. Sheer misery."

"Why don't his relatives have him treated?"

"Because you can't convince the relative of a psychotic that he is psychotic until his condition becomes acute and obvious. Insanity never develops overnight. The early symptoms are explained away as 'harmless eccentricities' or signs of 'temperament' or even of 'genius.' Excessive drinking is a common symptom during the early stages. Hence, the relatives of a psychotic are always certain that 'all of George's troubles come from his drinking, and if he would only use a little will power and self-control, he would be all right.' Therefore, they regard treatment unnecessary.

"We have the same difficulty with the relatives of a neurotic drinker. It is hard to convince them that certain symptoms indicate a neurosis and not merely unpleasant traits of character. They explain away these symptoms on the ground that George is naturally 'moody,' 'bad-tempered,' 'self-absorbed,' 'excitable,' and that these traits are inherent in his make-up. Actually, these tendencies are neither natural nor inevitable, but more often the by-products of a neurosis."

"Is a neurosis a form of insanity?"

"No, a mental disorder. It has much the same early symptoms of a psychosis, but seldom or never develops into insanity. Every neurosis is based upon submerged emotional conflicts of a painful nature which keep the neurotic in a chronic state of anxiety, indecision and self-consciousness. He feels habitually glum and uneasy and his nerves are always on edge. Certain types of neurotics are apt to drink excessively. Especially, men who have what we call the sin-sex-guilt complex. This particular emotional problem appears among drinkers more often than in any other type. The amount and the frequency

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of their use of alcohol merely indicates how mild or deep-seated the conflict has become. Incidentally, the sin-sex-guilt complex is common among women who drink to excess, too. In fact, we seldom find a feminine drunkard without it. It is perhaps the most painful of all emotional conflicts."

"Can a neurosis be cured?"

"Sometimes. It depends upon the individual and how complex the disorder has become. Many psychotics can be cured too, especially when no deterioration of the brain itself has taken place. But psychoanalysis is the only known therapy that is effective for mental disorders, and many drinkers would rather risk seeing pink elephants, toads and snakes under the bed at night any time—rather than risk psychoanalytical treatment. The therapy has won a rather unsavory reputation—thanks to the quacks in the field."

"You said that ten out of twenty so-called normal drinkers were cases of infantilism. What is infantilism?"

"An arrested emotional development. An infantile adult is a person who has grown up mentally and physically but whose emotional machinery corresponds with that of a five-year-old child. Infantilism is the basis of all mental disorders but marked symptoms do not always transpire. Most infantile adults seem quite normal. But these people always feel inadequate. Life seems too much for them. Earning a living gives them the same feeling of bewilderment and anxiety that it would a small child. They can't adjust themselves to an adult relationship in marriage. Nor to the job of being a parent. They react in a childish way to any adult situation. And they can't help it. This baffles and humiliates them quite as much as it does anyone else.

"Take, for instance, the drinker who is the 'life of the party.' He may be twenty or fifty but in most cases he has the emotional development of a child of five. He has frequent marital adventures or doesn't marry at all, changes jobs often, gets through periods of unemployment by borrowing from his friends, seldom pays back these loans, is continually involved in some scrape or mess from which his friends and relatives rescue him, always has a grand 'line' and amusing anecdotes with which to entertain a crowd, and he lives from one drinking spree to another. Well, no liquor party is complete without him.

"His relatives will tell you that he is 'no good,' or that he is being influenced by undesirable friends. Reformers will tell you that he is naturally depraved and vicious. Actually, he relies on drinking escapades to camouflage the real nature of his difficulties—the fact that he feels like an infant and can't cope with the ordinary problems of living. He'd much rather have his friends and relatives think that he is the victim of some mysterious craving for alcohol or something melodramatic like that,

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than to have them know the truth. Also, he feels happier with drinking friends because so many of them are handicapped like himself. Tirades of abuse about his drinking only serve to make him feel more inadequate than ever, and hence, more in need of alcohol than ever. His emotional problems can best be corrected by a prolonged period of re-education, preferably at the hands of a competent psychologist. Infantilism is caused by excessive discipline or neglect during early childhood, or by excessive pampering during the teens and twenties. Sympathy rather than condemnation would be more to the point."

"Why do you consider inspirational advice harmful for an alcoholic?"

"Because it distracts his attention from the real issue: why he is in need of an anesthesia. Alcohol is only a means to an end. Also, every drinker has a sense of guilt about drinking, and inspirational arguments only intensify it. Most reformers mistakenly believe that if they can only make a man sufficiently ashamed and remorseful about drinking that he will surely stop. Actually, you can't cure any alcoholic of drinking until you can cure him of a sense of guilt about it. The goal of treatment is not penitence but indifference. The more humiliated he feels about drinking the longer it will take to cure him. Many normal drinkers are developed into incurable alcoholics by the preaching of some close relative or friend, because a feeling of humiliation has been ground so deeply into them that they could never feel indifferent about it again. The sad but slightly humorous truth of the matter is that it is no more immoral to crave alcohol to anesthetize a mental pain than it is immoral to crave bicarbonate of soda to cure a stomach-ache. The motive in each instance is the same—relief. It is the height of stupidity to use alcohol as an anesthesia, of course, but that is another matter."

"Can alcoholism be inherited?"

"No, what may be inherited is an inferior or diseased nervous system which will make the individual susceptible to drugs of any kind. Even so, the son of an alcoholic has five chances out of six of not inheriting his father's weakness. We inherit our characteristics from our four grandparents as well as our parents."

"Is social drinking dangerous?"

"Not unless the individual is in trouble of some kind. If he is, he had better not get drunk until he has solved his troubles and is feeling in good spirits again. One vacation leads to another, especially when the vacation is taken via alcohol. No one with a delicate nervous system or with neurotic tendencies should touch either drugs or alcohol. Alcohol is a narcotic, not a stimulant, and is particularly injurious to the nervous system."

"Do you think that repeal was responsible for the rapid rise in alcoholism during the past five years?"

"No, the depression was responsible. Depressions always expose the

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number of infantile, neurotic and psychotic people in our midst. They are the first to turn to alcohol and opiates in times of stress.

"We are sorely in need of clinics for alcoholics in this country where the proper treatment could be given at a minimum of expense to the individual. Alcoholics require both medical and psychiatric treatment for weeks or months, as a rule. Most of our hospitals lack the funds, personnel and equipment necessary to undertake this.

"They simply house the alcoholic overnight, give him a shot of paraldehyde or a sedative to quiet him so he can sleep it off, force liquids on him when he wakes up, and then dismiss him the next day or the following. A week later he may be brought back dead drunk again. This may go on for years. The type of case that remains bedridden for weeks or months has usually reached the last stages of alcoholism and is beyond cure, or nearly so. Hence, at no point do our present hospital services provide treatment of permanent value. The individual must go to a private sanatorium or go without treatment.

"The only solution for the drink problem, as you would call it, lies in educating the public in general and in treating the unfit. There is no drink problem, in itself, of course. A drunkard may be the victim of many things, but alcohol is the least of his troubles. Alcoholism is always a symptom of something else." —DOREE SMEDLEY

THE WORLD NEEDS FRESH APPROACHES

"Here's a yarn that Jim Fuller told me. It's really a mighty funny story. Of course it was much stupider the way he told it. You know what a bore Jim is."

★ ★ ★

"Now here's the real explanation. I'm warning you that I'm going to stop at nothing to avoid being frank."

★ ★ ★

"Wait a minute, wait a minute! You've all heard my side of the story dozens of times. Now here's *her* side."

★ ★ ★

"I dropped forty-two hundred points in two rubbers of bridge last night . . . What? . . . Lousy cards, my eye! I played terribly. Always do."

★ ★ ★

"Well, I walked into the boss's office, mad as a hatter. I sure was fed up. Boy, I wish you could have heard our conversation! Wow, did he tell me where to get off!"

★ ★ ★

"Now don't think for a moment that I'm not trying to justify myself—"

★ ★ ★

"Come on, let's hear your argument. I'll promise to try just as hard as I can not to be impartial."

★ ★ ★

"Now be sensible. Avoid my advice, and—" —WALTER PRICE

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THE OTHER AUSTRIA

SURELY THERE MUST STILL BE SOME TRACE OF GEMÜTLICHKEIT: THERE USED TO BE SO MUCH

WE ROLLED up the Italian side of the Brenner Pass in a light rain, hurrying to get through the customs before dark. Wooded slopes rose sharply to either side of us, disappearing into the mist. The grade was easy, and we made good speed on the wide, well-paved road.

At the *douane*, *bersaglieri* swarmed over the car, trying to be suspicious and dashing at once. Intrepid frontiersmen in feathered hats, they scowled at me and smiled at my wife. Italian customs officers always pretend their job is the most hazardous and glamorous of human undertakings. The effect is usually comic.

They studied minutely our passport and *carnet* and seemed disappointed that they could discover nothing sinister in our movements. They managed to waste so much time that we moved on in inky darkness.

A single officer held the Austrian frontier, a beefy man in a patched and faded uniform. He had blue eyes and a scraggly red mustache, and the broadest smile I'd seen since we entered Italy. He looked for all the world like Santa Claus without a beard, and before his hair turned white.

He ran through our papers, made a few hen-tracks, and handed them back with a cheery word in German. My wife answered him in French, and he said something in Italian. I tried a little Spanish, and we all laughed and said *auf wiedersehen* over and over again. We drove away with a trace of the feeling you get when you spend a pleasant evening with an old friend.

The road on the Austrian side was narrow and rough. It was a slow grind down the mountain in the rain, and we didn't get to Innsbruck until pretty late.

The storm had passed by morning; in the August sunshine Innsbruck looked like a stage set. The tan baroque buildings were clothed in flowers, and behind them rose a backdrop of mountains and incredible sky.

While we ate breakfast in the hotel beer garden, the *bezitzer* came over to talk with us. He knew just the place where we should go for a few days. Gmunden am Traumsee, near Salzburg. "I went there on my own honeymoon," he said, with a coy

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look in our direction. We were sold.

The road to Salzburg cut across a little neck of Germany. There you left the Tyrol and came to Austria proper, where they drove on the left.

It wasn't as hard to drive on the left as I'd expected. The first few times we met another car it was all I could do to resist crossing over in front of him. After that it seemed almost natural.

Until we reached Salzburg. There, as soon as I came to an intersection all hell broke loose. Out I swerved to the right of the traffic signal, amid a bedlam of baying klaxons and squealing tires. In a second, traffic was a cat's cradle.

A policeman came out from the curb, shaking a finger at me and grinning. (All Austrian gendarmes, I suspect, were chosen for their sense of humor.) He laughed and all the other drivers laughed, and soon we were laughing too. The policeman attacked the mess as if he were having the time of his life. He said *links fahren* to me a few times and sent me on with a friendly wave. I did fine until the next intersection.

We had supper in a beer garden in Bad Ischl. The place was packed with Austrians, from school kids to grandmothers, and they were all singing and drinking beer. By the time we'd eaten, we were in the thick of it, waving our steins and shouting the choruses. A gnarled old farmer tried to teach us the words, but his toothless German was a bit too much for us.

It was pitch dark when we moved on. The road skirted a lake and we could feel mountains all around us.

The hotel at Gmunden was run by a billowing woman and her three grown sons. She spoke good French, and she seemed to be expecting us. She mentioned *lune de miel*, so we knew her friend in Innsbruck had phoned about us. She told us all about her own *lune de miel*, and how her husband had been killed in the War. Then she bustled us off to our room.

I awoke to find that our room faced the lake. There was a row of trees in front of the hotel, and just beyond them the retaining wall and the water, flashing blue and gold in the morning sun, and winding between steep and jagged mountains that thrust their shoulders to the water's edge. If you've never been in the Austrian lake country, there's no use trying to tell you how beautiful it is.

We spent most of the day at the Strandbad. The bathhouse was new and clean and the beach was spotless. You almost felt you shouldn't walk on it. It was a hot day and most of Gmunden was in swimming. A horde of husky blond boys was playing water polo; the girls sat watching, and joining in whenever they saw a chance to duck someone. They were a handsome bunch of kids.

Afterwards we walked into town. A queue had formed at the movie theatre, and we fell into line.

We were having an economical

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spasm, so we got seats in the top balcony. They were a schilling apiece. We climbed a few hundred steps and came out on a shelf right under the ceiling. There were three rows of hard benches. We sat in the front row and I got dizzy every time I looked over the edge.

A leather-skinned farmer and his wife sat beside us. They smelled of strong soap, and their clothes rustled with starch. They smiled at us as we sat down, and the wife offered us the sack of sugar cookies they were eating.

The feature was built around the amazing talents of a musical clown named Grock. There was a plot, of which the more involved moments escaped us. But there could be no mistaking Grock's eloquent pantomime, and his gags were so funny I had to shut my eyes at times to ease the stitch in my side. The farmer laughed so hard he knocked the sack of cookies off the edge of our perch.

The lights went up on a packed house that ached from laughing. As they filed out, people were telling one another about the funnier gags, and doubling up all over again. An Austrian will laugh at anything anyway, and a picture like that will practically cripple him.

We parted from our friends with bows and handclasps and smiles and pretty speeches, while the milk of human kindness flowed at a dizzy rate.

A day or two later we went to Salzburg to see the Reinhardt *Jedermann*. The performance was a sellout and we had to take standing room; later my wife was able to get a seat.

I sat on the curb beside a stocky, dark man. He taught chemistry in a Czech high school, and his German and French were liberally salted with a strange language that was centered in the adenoids. He wanted to know everything about America, had always dreamed of going there. He went to Austria every year because the people are so gay. He got this idea across in pantomime. First he said "Ceskoslovensko," and his mouth turned down and his eyes were sad. Then he said "Oesterreich" and burst into raucous laughter, waving his arms.

At length the performance started. I've always frowned on outdoor theatricals as the product of irresponsible minds. *Jedermann*, played in front of the ancient cathedral, was an exception. It was powerful and beautiful. When Death called from the corner of the square, I felt a depth of illusion I'd never experienced in the theatre.

Afterwards we went to a beer garden perched on the side of a cliff. You get there in an elevator and you sit with Salzburg at your feet. It was our last night in Austria.

That was seven years ago. Now the Nazis have come, bringing good roads, and a destiny, and bright new uniforms. The Austria we knew, the Austria that laughed and sang and bred good will, is gone. But we know it still lives, hidden away in a cleft in the mountains like the children of Hamelin. —Irving Van Zandt, Jr.

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FERARGIL GALLERIES, NEW YORK

ETCHING BY WILL DYSON

"Well, well, well! One lives and learns—
one lives and learns!"

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NEW DEAL IN LYING

THE POINT IS NOT HOW BIG YOU MAKE THE LIE BUT HOW BIG A GUY THE LIE MAKES YOU

TIMES change. So do lies.

Today the "Virginian" would have considerable difficulty selling his frog farm. A current Munchausen would scarcely dare hitch his snow-bound horse to a church steeple. Nor would any Old Soak try to herd bees across a desert "without losing a bee." For lying in the grand manner, the red-blooded and wholly outrageous disregard of truth, is certainly on its deathbed if not in its grave.

No longer do we propagate a whopper and then bolster it up by a whole series of more outlandish perjuries. Oscar Wilde's diagnosis was correct. The decay of lying—of the healthy, hearty variety—was chronic and has, alas, proved fatal.

Yet the apprentice prevaricator with an eye to the future need not lose hope. Nothing is more certain than that falsehood crushed to earth will rise again. And today the lie, entrenched for centuries in the social field, has finally blossomed anew. The modern functional misrepresentation comes into its own under the guise of "making an impression."

True it has forbears. "Thank you for a charming evening" has always been the accredited impression-creating form, a stylized method of saying goodnight. It relieves the guest of the necessity for constructive lying to conceal the fact that he hopes both his hostess and the other guests are all duly buried ere morn. "The beautiful tie you sent me" again constitutes a mere social custom. That isn't lying. It doesn't even convey a sound false impression. Though the tie in question were of such a pink that you wouldn't give it to the dog to chew for fear of colic, it still isn't a lie. It's a method of making social contacts less unbearable. This type of formalized, conventional prevarication has already reached a high degree of perfection, and variations on its themes are neither welcomed nor in most cases possible. A hostess who has just thrown a bust instead of a party is usually pretty poignantly aware of the fact. She wants the "thank you for a charming evening" stuff: she wants it quickly. And she wants you to get out. The neophyte who practices an undeveloped talent by changing the formula to "the most charming evening in all

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my seventeen years on Manhattan Island" is sure to be written off either as an advanced sap or a vicious humorist. Even in society cliché-lying is a matter of memory, not of imagination.

Yet, almost unnoticed the new school of false witness has sprung into being, remarkable even now for its subtlety, for its enormous ramifications and for its well-nigh limitless possibilities. It combines the ulterior motive of propaganda with the joyous self-aggrandizement of the classical school of misrepresentation, and has the clear advantage over all other types in leaving the not-too-astute conscience immaculate. The meticulous creation of a sound false impression has already been elevated to the realm of Art.

Recently an advertisement appeared for, I believe, a set of books. A wife has the floor and the husband's appearance suggests that he is looking for a crack in it. "Why must you give such a false impression of yourself?" the wife is storming, and the worm doesn't even turn. He just sits there and takes it. For, as is divulged in the copy under the picture, he's only put one oar into the dinner conversation and that in the form of a question. He's merely asked if the Danzig Corridor were in Rockefeller Center. And this is the thanks he gets for trying to take an interest in current events.

"Why must you," his wife repeats, "give *such* a false impression of yourself?" But obviously, she wasn't even barking in the right forest. The husband didn't know anything about minute Baltic States and cared considerably less. His question in regard to the Corridor gave no false impression of his information at all. It gave, irrevocably, the right one. And that's exactly what he's catching hell for.

The New Lying springs organically from this basic human need. Its motive, ulterior or direct, is to create precisely the right kind of false impression. And the beauty of the art is that no one word is uttered which in itself isn't straight and aboveboard gospel truth. The liar actually does no lying: the li-ee is merely led gradually to a wholly inaccurate conclusion, and the responsibility is his all the way through. Deep-water Baptists can practice with impunity. And do. More sophisticated consciences, such as the Episcopalian, never feel a twitch or quiver.

Naturally, in its more developed forms, it can only be practiced on new acquaintances. And since the stamping ground of new acquaintances is on ship board, the current art of making an impression has already developed a spice and saltiness in its technique.

Take names. They play a vastly important role. And the tyro who wishes to perfect himself can't do better than to ponder the impression-value of name-forms. Suppose you have two friends in Yonkers—Old Butch and his wife, Maizie Jones. Stated bluntly as such, their value in impression-creation is assuredly nil.

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But if it is necessary to refer to Butch and Maizie, consider the feelings engendered in your new acquaintance's mind by "Some friends of ours—perhaps you know them—the Hartley-Joneses of New York?" And remember the addition of the phrase "of New York" is of the essence. The hearer knows your friends are important or you wouldn't have tacked it on. And the beauty of the concept is that Butch's first name actually is Hartley and Yonkers is undoubtedly in New York State.

Conversely, a splendid false impression can be created by *not* remembering people who actually are in the public eye. Leaning across the new acquaintances, you say to your wife, "Oh, you know who I mean, dear—the fellow who crossed with us, Bone or Sloan or something. He had to do with automobiles." Then when your new acquaintance suggests that you might mean Alfred E. Sloan, Jr. you are surprised and say, "That was the chap. Do you know him?"

A variation can be rung here by fumbling the name of the ship on which you met Mr. Sloan. "—the chap we met on the *Bremen* or was it the *Europa*—I can never keep boats straight—it might have been one of the French Line boats. I think it was. The *Normandie*. You remember, dear, in Yves' cocktail lounge." This, known as variation B2, usually knocks 'em right back. You are established immediately as a very traveled man. The fact that you are now on the home stretch of your first Cook's All-Inclusive three weeks' tour hasn't been the subject of dissimulation. It just hasn't come up. And won't.

Interesting, too, is the fact that a slight dimness of wit should be such an earmark of the socially élite. But it is, and with this fact firmly in a bright mind, a false impression is no job at all. Let Charles Lindbergh regale you with an account of flying from here to there, and interrupt him in the middle to inquire listlessly how he finds so much time for recreation. Not only will it burn him up, but you will be docketed as an extremely busy man.

The same technique works delightfully when it is possible to confuse the identity of members of that heterogeneous group known as the illustrious. The illustrious, great, near or far great, pseudo great or notorious, are passionately jealous of their so-called claim to fame. Take Lucius Beebe whom you read all about. You know every vest he's worn in months and his every *mot*, *bon* or otherwise. But do not let that information betray you. When you meet him be very interested, fascinated. Tell him you've been panting for this moment—that you do so admire people who muck around on the floor of the ocean in steel balls.

Suppose the European situation is thrust into the conversation, simply admit that you don't read the papers. You know nothing about it at all, "except, of course, what the Prime

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Minister said the other night at dinner, but then Chamberlain is prejudiced." With one stroke you've convinced your listeners that you have inside information which renders newspapers unnecessary, that the information comes from the great, and finally that the great aren't above your critical faculties in the least, hence, that you accept them as your peers. And no one can deny that the Prime Minister made the remark that you've attributed to him. Because he did, at Lord Astor's house. And you didn't say you were there. What meanings people read into your words is scarcely your concern.

Some recently acquired acquaintances are likely to be sticky at first, and the New Liar must learn the rudimentary footwork necessary to evade a direct question. People who hope they know their way around are easier: they are too triple refined to ask you straight from the shoulder where you come from. Yet even that bluntness can be turned to good account, although opinions differ as to method. One school prefers the retort hauteur—"Do you mean where we live in *America?*" That is considered a bit risky by the conservatives who like the more usual "We keep an apartment in New York" or "We keep a place in Connecticut." The word "keep" is the secret: your wife may actually keep it herself with intermittent assistance from a slattern named Gertie, but that isn't the picture your auditors derive from the word "keep." And remember that even an Aladdin House at Coney Island is "on the coast,"—*not* at the seashore. Characters, such as the one you are constructing for yourself, never under any circumstances "go to the seashore"—they "run down to the coast." One "seashore" or even a "beach" accidently let slip will undo hours of patient lying. But the Master never leaves a loophole.

And that often entails looking four moves ahead. Anyone can learn with a bit of practice to refer to the sedan or the roadster instead of merely "the car." Anyone can learn to speak only of "the Ford,"—never under any circumstances of "the Packard" or "the Cadillac," for obviously, the fact that "the Ford" is singled out for mention proves that there are four or five other and more expensive automobiles in the garage. To speak of "the Packard" lets the cat out; it shows that you're impressed by the fact of ownership. And again, almost anyone can remember that "the station-wagon," tossed in casually, conjures up a whole fleet of shiny monsters, each with its own uniformed Attendant. People who own a station-wagon and nothing else are simply cheating the public.

Those verbal dodges are child's play. The mark of the Master comes in knowing when to use authors' first names in chats about literature. The technique in the former instance is to make doubly sure ahead of time that no one among the party in the salon is a writer, publisher or agent. The

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bungling New Liar who doesn't know that Sinclair Lewis is called "Hal" had better not attempt the manufacture of a literary reputation for himself. "I saw Sin Lewis the other day," is simply bad news. "I saw Red Lewis on the street" is risky although "Hal" is, I am told, intermittently called "Red." Walt Disney may be "Walt" even as Whitman, but Duranty never is or was. Relay one remark which "Walt" Duranty made and your effectiveness as a liar is at an end. The same is true of "Han" van Loon. Hendrik Willem kids the public by pronouncing his last name as though it had an "a" in it instead of the second "o." If you're going to regale 'em with an anecdote about "when Han van Loon was writing *The Arts*" be sure to ring in the "Loan" and not sell yourself down the river with a "Loon."

Safer, and actually more effective, is the perfectly ordinary, lied up into a new dignity. Occupations are a fertile field. Suppose your husband has been dragged along on the current Cook's tour. He's a clerk in the gas company and has been ever since he put on long pants. But does the New Liar say that? Well, yes, in a way. "My husband? Oh, he interests himself in public utilities." And, by the same token, a reporter or a linotype operator is "in publishing" just as surely as a bus conductor is "in transportation." A lawyer, remember, is never just a lawyer in his home town: he "practices" in a state. Oddly enough, a tone of bland amusement at the husband's efforts as a breadwinner always creates a splendidly erroneous idea of your circumstances. If and when cornered, an amused tolerance is the key—"Wilberforce insists on going down to that wretched bank every day in the week, though heaven knows what he does when he gets there." Wilberforce himself may squirm a bit. *He* knows to the last two bits of money he passes through his wicket what he does when he gets there. But the li-ees conjure up a dilettante in finance. Which is what you wanted in the beginning.

Place names will do the same thing for you if you can remember just a few simple rules. You should never simply "stay" anywhere: "stay" has a boardinghouse connotation. Whether or not you resided in a boardinghouse, you must "spend the season." "The winter of '33? Let me see, didn't we spend the season at Cannes that year?" Actually you may have stopped over for a couple of days, but there are long and short seasons, you know. That holds pretty well true, except for places beginning with "Bad." If you bog down in any of the Bads you "take the cure." Not *a* cure. *The* cure. Each apparently has its own, and if you're going in for thorough lying you must develop a liver, or gout or high-low blood-pressure. No one who is anyone is free from expensive ailments. Make light of your liver, if you must, but be sure to have one.

Recently the progressive liar has

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been turning his attention more and more to the understatement. This field has, of course, been well developed by the British, but American variations are not without interest. Just try mentioning your last year's car as "a battered wreck"; it may be, but no one will believe it is. The understatement as to the excellence of its condition bounces back from the mind of the li-ee and you will discover that you are the type of person who thinks only this year's car fit to drive. Let someone mention the Depression and then say, "Unpleasant affair, wasn't it?" and you go a long way toward establishing yourself as a man who lost several millions but saved enough out to pay for incorporating the yacht. Tell people frankly that you "dropped a couple of thousand in the last Wall Street flurry" and they will think you made a hundred thousand just before and got out. You didn't. You lost your shirt. But an understatement cast upon the waters invariably earns an increment. If you talk sufficiently about how broke you *were*, you won't have to lie about your current financial status. The assumption is that the wolf is now so far off the doormat that he's become ludicrous.

If in reality he's breathing down your neck—well, only you know that. The understatement has protected and inflated the ego.

On the other hand, let us, for the sake of argument, assume that yours is a gilt-edged simon-pure conscience—you are not one to stoop even to misrepresentation, let alone downright falsehood. Very good. Your role is that of the passive detector. Listen carefully to your friends—particularly to their references to servants. "We gave up the idea of living in the country: it's *so* difficult to keep servants." Which is woefully true. But if you happen to know they don't even keep one servant in the city, you can rest assured you are in the presence of a New Liar.

"Thursday's the servant's day off" is very nearly the perfect gambit, for no one, when the line is spoken, can place the apostrophe. And if it is followed by "Yes, we always have colored servants," a retinue can be conjured up—not a ragged line of half-day charwomen who invariably quit on payday—but a retinue, perhaps even white columns and a mint julep or two.

Verily, in the hands of a master the ramifications are infinite.

Yes, by all means listen dutifully to your friends. Study their varying techniques. And sooner or later, depending on the stubbornness of your temperament, you will discover your own.

You will unearth those little deficits in your character, those small oversights of fortune in your economic status for which you make conversational compensation.

Know thyself and thou knowest the New Liar. For aren't we all?

—Edward Acheson

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THE BEGGARS OF CHISINEU

THE BEST-DRESSED MENDICANTS IN ALL EUROPE FOUND THAT CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN—HUNGRY

"I" SAID Teofil Petrus to the other beggars of Chisineu, "do not mind being forced to bathe against my will, but *tovarașii*," he spoke thickly through steam clouds that rendered them all but invisible, "this damned steam is making me hungrier than a bitch with whelps."

The beggars of Chisineu grumbled their agreement with Teofil Petrus who, thus encouraged, went on.

"By what right does this *learned* Dr. Anghel," he spoke with elaborate irony, "keep us prisoners in the Russian bathhouse, *tovarașii?* By what right does he strip us of our clothes and throw them in the boiler? Why, even now," said Teofil Petrus lowering his voice, "they may be cooked into nothing."

"Aie!" echoed the beggars. "By what right indeed?"

"Because there is typhoid!" said Teofil Petrus with mock incredulity. "So there is typhoid in Chisineu! Well, *tovarașii*, we know there is typhoid. But what has that to do with us? Did we make the typhoid? Does the *learned* Dr. Anghel think for one moment that we would dare go around making typhoid without permission?"

Sweating and coughing, the steaming beggars chuckled at the ridiculousness of such an idea. Teofil Petrus, by now bemused with his unexpected wit, demanded, "How much longer must we put up with this nonsense, *tovarașii?* Let us howl until they bring our clothes that we may go forth again and beg to fill these empty bellies of ours!"

The suggestion was adopted with its offer. The ninety-odd beggars wailed so lustily one would have thought the murky bath a torture chamber in the bowels of Hell. The attendant hastily unbolted the door and thrust in his head. "*Dracu!*" he exclaimed. "What the devil? All the dogs in Bessarabia could not yap so! What is the trouble?"

"We," proclaimed Teofil Petrus with magnificent restraint, "are patient people. We sweat in this devil-box for six solid hours without complaint, also without food. Now we are of a mind to have our clothes that we may pursue our lawful if ignoble occupations."

The attendant scratched his head.

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"Well," he said dubiously, "I shall have to see Dr. Anghel about that." He was gone a long time. When he came back Dr. Anghel, the eminent bacteriologist from Bucharest, was with him fidgeting at his lapels and occasionally adjusting his pince-nez with a nervousness that betrayed considerable agitation.

"Good people," Dr. Anghel began, clearing his throat as if uncertain how to start, "this is—embarrassing. It is most embarrassing. Your clothes—well, they were not, if you will excuse me, they were not much to begin with, and I am afraid not nearly strong enough to withstand the vigorous laundering they have undergone in the—ahem—the boiler. We have just looked in the boiler, and—ahem—to be perfectly frank the residue looks more like soup than clothing. You could not possibly wear them, good people! You must be patient until I confer with the proper authorities and discover some way out of this difficulty."

"Confer indeed!" cried Teofil Petrus. "And what do we do in the meantime? You have steamed us till our backsides rub against our navels. You make soup of our clothes but give us no soup to eat. After six hours in this hell-box we have sweated away six meters of our intestines."

"You shall have food immediately!" promised Dr. Anghel. "Please, just be patient a little while longer." Sweating almost as much as his victims, he darted away, emitting a great sigh of relief to be gone from this upsetting clamor. Mopping his brow he sat thoughtfully in the office for a moment, then dispatched a messenger for Col. Ionescu, the military prefect of Chisineu, recalling that the day before when Dr. Anghel arrived from Bucharest at the urgent summons of the City Council, Col. Ionescu on hand with all the elders to greet him had said, "The city is at your feet, Doctor. You command and the order shall be fulfilled before you finish saying it."

After the reception Dr. Anghel had toured the city in a car provided by the Colonel, driving through the wide dusty streets and peering closely at the small houses in which 100,000 Roumanians, Jews and Russians dwelled in surroundings that, from the sanitary viewpoint, were not exactly ideal. But Dr. Anghel quickly saw that to alter the situation materially would be a task beside which cleaning the Augean stables was a trifle, and one that could scarcely be accomplished without the use of dynamite. Hence he had decided to concentrate on the beggars, whose number was after all limited, and see if a disinfection of their clothes and persons would not reduce the severity of the epidemic which had driven the city fathers to distraction (not to mention Col. Ionescu, who had come to his new post from Bucharest only a few weeks before and was perturbed by the publicity the epidemic was receiving in the Bucharest newspa-

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pers). He feared that it reflected on the competency of his administration; furthermore, his wife had refused to join him in Chisineu until it subsided. It was he who had called the elders into special session, warned them that "something radical" must be done. As always in troublesome situations they had turned to higher authority, and Bucharest after not more than the usual delay had dispatched Dr. Anghel.

And Dr. Anghel, after a proper period of cogitation, had asked to have the gendarmes round up the beggars and deliver them to the Russian steam baths.

★ ★ ★

"It's about the beggars, Col. Ionescu," Dr. Anghel began uncertainly when the prefect, resplendent in his shiny boots and gold braid, stood respectfully before him.

"Yes, Doctor," Col. Ionescu responded gravely. "Of course, the beggars. I dare say you have given them a cleaning they will remember."

"A bit too much so, I fear," Dr. Anghel said ruefully. "Their rags, which I threw into the boiler, have practically boiled into nothing. They cannot go forth naked. Furthermore, they are hungry and getting increasingly obstreperous. You said yesterday—"

"A request from you is a command," Col. Ionescu interrupted quickly. "That is what I said and so

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it shall be. I shall send food from the barracks at once. As for clothing, that is outside my province, but I shall call the elders together and lay the problem before them."

★ ★ ★

"But ninety suits of clothes!" protested Peter Bacu, the city treasurer. "And for beggars! It is madness, gentlemen!"

"Nevertheless," Col. Ionescu looked gravely at each elder in turn, "these men cannot stay in the bathhouse forever. Even if they did we should have to feed them. Neither can we set them naked on the streets. What a scandal that would cause in Bucharest!"

"But can't we have their old clothes mended?" asked Mr. Bacu plaintively.

"Can you mend a cobweb?" asked Col. Ionescu. "Are you tailor enough to take stitches in water?"

The treasurer surrendered. So it came about that late that afternoon a municipal truck pulled up in front of the bathhouse, laden with ninety suits of clothes, of cheap quality but obviously and undeniably new, and an equal number of coarse shirts.

This is the explanation of the fact, remarked upon by several tourists, that for three days Chisineu, the pride of Bessarabia, possessed the best-dressed beggars in eastern Europe. By a coincidence the epidemic reached its apex in the same period, and subsided.

On the third day, had you been able to peer into thirty-odd corners at once, you would have witnessed a remarkable sight—the well-dressed beggars of Chisineu methodically removing their clothes, piece by piece, tearing them industriously and stomping them into the dirt. For, as Teofil Petrus remarked, "We are starving to death. No one will give us money any more. *Tovarăşii:* it is a terrible thing to have good clothes."

—Filimon Moga

HOLLYWOOD AND FATHER

The bored man at the Movie is Father.
He paid fifty cents to be distracted.
Father is Hollywood's chief problem.
He wants to get his mind off things.
They gave him platinum blondes,
happy marriages, amusing children.
They tried Dickens—then Shakespeare.
It takes a lot of money to keep Father's
mind off things.

—Otto S. Mayer

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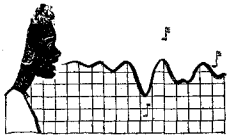
HEAR YOURSELF TALK

YOUR VOICE IS YOUR VIOLIN, AND IT RESTS WITH YOU WHETHER YOU BECOME FIDDLER OR VIRTUOSO



YOUR speech profile is quite as important as that of your face, and much more easily improved, for you can be both your own surgeon and nurse, while the only cost involved in the operation is the expenditure of a little time and energy—and this expenditure will repay you with usurious interest by adding immeasurably to your personality.

Speech profiles vary with the individual. Some are as interesting and attractive as the beautiful skyline of a great city. Others weary the ear with the monotony of their cadences, much as the eye tires of the sameness in which the roofs of standardized apartment buildings etch themselves against the horizon. The melody of a song would soon become almost unbearable to the nervous system if its range comprised no more than two or three tones, yet spoken speech commits this sin against sound far more than it avoids it.

What are speech profiles? They are the rise and fall of your voice when talking or reading aloud. They may be sharply defined, clear cut and aquiline during moments of anger or emotional expression. They may be suavely Grecian—alluringly tiptilted and provocative—or dish-faced with monotone.

You can choose your speech profile, and make of it what you will. But first it is an excellent idea to study the speech outlines of all those with whom you come in contact—your family, friends, business and social associates, the man on the street, the woman in the store, and the richest of all fields—the voices of screen and radio. Note the range of tones used in habitual, everyday speech, and the effect on the listener by too much or too little variation.

If you will make a graph of this range or profile, you will have its visible effect before you. Do you want to make such a graph? Then take a sheet of paper, and with a pencil, start at any given point, making a continuous line wavering up and down, perhaps dropping sharply as the voice lowers abruptly, or curving upward as it rises in pitch; with here and there tiny wiggles in your line for minor modulations. There you will have it before you, a sound picture—and when you have become adept at this form of artistry, try making a graph

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of your own sentences. Compare these graphs with those of persons whose speech you admire, and also those you dislike—and you will form a good idea of how you sound to others.

Speech profiles were developed by Dr. Robert Harvey Gault, professor of psychology at Northwestern University, and superintendent-general of the American Institute for the Deaf-Blind, as he perfected his invention of the phonotactor. This is a small electrical apparatus through which profile vibrations of speech are received by deaf and hard-of-hearing children, of which there are more than three millions in the United States. With the aid of the phonotactor, children who have never heard a spoken word are slowly taught to speak, and to speak without the dead level of sound which in most cases is observed in the articulation of former mutes. So, if these handicapped children can learn a definite pattern of speech, how much more easily can you attain this desirable end.

After discovering just what kind of a profile your voice really has, you are ready to begin work. Practice the proposed changes not only while speaking, but frequently in your thoughts, until they become a habit.

You have begun to realize how few really beautiful or arresting voices you hear. The voice you use so prodigally is capable of the highest education. You will probably want to lower it a tone or two, for high voices weary the ear, and are much less persuasive. And by main strength, drag your voice down from your head where its tone is restricted and thin, and set it down hard in the spot where resonance and reserved strength will add to its richness and carrying quality. Note the voices which command attention. They are invariably well placed, for pitch is of supreme importance in the acquisition of a fine voice.

You may have a good range in your speech profile, but if your enunciation is poor, your profile will be dim and blurred, and much of its charm lost because of obscurity. You wouldn't think of appearing only half-clad, so why present your words in the undress of slighted or ignored syllables, when the correct pronunciation of each is quite as attractive as you in your best bib and tucker?

Your speech is either an asset or a liability. You are judged less by your words than by the tones of your voice. More than any other quality it reflects your personality.

Whether or not you are favorable to the present administration, it is generally conceded by both friends and enemies of President Roosevelt, that he has one of the finest speaking voices in the world. The next time you hear him talk, regardless of the moment of his words, watch for the mechanics of his speech—its range, accent, tempo, clear enunciation, complete understandability, placement, pitch and all that goes into the making of an excellent verbal profile.

—Edna S. Sollars

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GREY CELLS AT PLAY

THE SPECTRISTS—WHAT NAMES TO CONJURE WITH! AND LARROVITCH—WHAT A MASTER!

All fiction, of course, is humbug of a sort. That is, it is invention; but it is so understood, and therefore is not hoax. It is when an author's intention, in the first instance, is to make zanies of the critics and of his fellow-writers that the purest hoax is born.

But even where the main concern is to bamboozle the intelligentsia, some humor of a sort is imperative in pure hoax that has neither fraud nor injury concealed in its purpose. And the best hoaxes—the best spoofs, to use the better word—of literature have been delightfully humorous. They have simply trifled with the credulity of others, less with intent to deceive than to enjoy a moment of mischief, or with the beneficent intention of exposing to ridicule a situation requiring correction.

To this field of pure hoax our own time has contributed some notable examples. One of the most successful was the volume called *Spectra*, which appeared in 1916 and touched off a poetical movement that swept the country. It was admirably timed, for the literary world was experiencing a "silly season" of experimental verse, and little poetry magazines were breaking out in all parts of what Mr. Mencken called the "federal union." The field already was congested with Imagists and Vorticists, with Futurists and Impressionists, with Cubists and a dozen other *ists*. Then *Spectra* appeared, a slender octavo of not too many pages; a book of poems so bizarre and violent in style that it seemed a quite natural sign of the times. Its authors, said the title-page, were Emmanuel Morgan and Anne Knish. There was a cryptic dedication to Remy de Gourmont, by Morgan, and a preface by Miss Knish, who was described as "a Hungarian woman who had written for European journals and had published a volume of poems in Russian under a Latin title." Morgan was described as an American painter who had studied in Paris but had not succeeded.

The preface, which disclosed the Spectrist philosophy, was a triumph of sound and fury signifying nothing in particular, but of such apparent scholarship that it carried conviction; and the poems, as suggested, were

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made to order for the times. Wrote Mr. Morgan:

Beside the brink of dream
I had put out my willow-roots and leaves
As by a stream
Too narrow for the invading greaves
Of Rome in her trireme . . .
Then you came—like a scream
Of beeves.

And Miss Knish:

Her soul was freckled
Like a bald head
Of a jaundiced Jewish banker.
Her hair and featurous face
Withered like
An albino boa-constrictor.
She thought she resembled the Mona Lisa.
This demonstrates the futility of thinking.

And one or the other of them if memory serves, achieved the immortal line, still quoted, about "the liquor of her laughter and the lacquer of her limbs." This may have been Mr. Morgan's description of Miss Knish.

Throughout the volume Emmanuel Morgan wrote in rhyme and meter and Anne Knish revealed herself in free verse.

The volume took the poetic world by storm. With few exceptions the reviewers accepted it as genuine and praised or damned according to their opinion of its merits. But there was more enthusiasm than condemnation, and within a few months of the volume's publication the Spectric School had become an established institution, standing four-square beside the schools of verse it secretly parodied. Magazine editors accepted Spectric poems and asked for more, disciples sprang up on every hand, and at the dinner tables of the great might be heard earnest discussion of the mythical new poets who, in one opinion, at least, were quite "the best thing since Shakespeare." So wide, indeed, became the school's vogue that the authors of the deception with difficulty were able to conceal their friends, Miss Knish and Mr. Morgan, from the newsmen and others intent on running them down and interviewing them. For the legend of Miss Knish's extraordinary beauty had been carefully circulated. In time the evasion became almost a flight as the poets moved about from one place to another, always a jump or two ahead of their pursuers. Then a few friends were let into the secret, and these wrote and published new and even wilder poems in the *genre*, to swell the uproar. Reading the poems today, it seems impossible that once they could have been taken seriously; but the fact is that, save for a few leaks, the hoax was holding water two years after the appearance of the book.

The deception was becoming more and more difficult to maintain, however; and at length it was exploded. In the course of a lecture on Modern American Poetry, in Detroit, Mr. Witter Bynner touched, as had be-

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come his custom, on the Spectric School, and was challenged from the audience. A large and direct lie, he subsequently testified, was too much for him; and he confessed the truth. The poems in the volume, *Spectra*, had been written by himself and Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, as a satire; and the entire Spectric School was just my eye and Betty Martin. Mr. Bynner was Emmanuel Morgan. Mr. Ficke was Anne Knish.

Completer details of the hoax emerged shortly thereafter. Amused and irritated by the fantastic lucubrations of the various *ists*, whose antics he considered an interruption to the more serious business of poetry, Mr. Bynner had decided to found a school of verse more extreme than any already in the field, and thereby "have some fun" with the others and with such of the critics as were over-anxious to be in the forefront of discovery. His friend Ficke had kindled to the idea and between them, within a fortnight, they had written nearly all the poems that subsequently were collected in the volume, *Spectra*, as well as many others that they considered too mad to include. A third poet in the hoax, it was revealed, was Marjorie Allen Seiffert, who joined the imposture tardily and did not get into the book. Under the name Elijah Hay, however, she produced a quantity of Spectric verse much of which found its way into the excited magazines. At this time the "publicity" included a triangular love affair in which Morgan and Hay both loved the temperamental and tempestuous Knish. The name of the school was born of a visit by Bynner to a Russian ballet called *Le Spectre de la Rose*.

"The method of composition was simple," wrote Bynner, some years ago. "Sometimes we would start with an idea, sometimes with only a phrase, but the procedure was to let all reins go, to give the idea or the phrase complete head, to take whatever road or field or fence it chose. In other words, it was a sort of runaway poetry, the poet seated in the wagon but the reins flung aside. Some of the results seemed so good to us that Ficke and I signed, sealed, and filed a solemn document swearing that the whole performance had been done as a joke. I see now that in some respects this method of letting the subconscious do the writing was not an altogether bad method."

In a letter to the present writer, Mrs. Seiffert testified: "It was basically a joke, but sub-basically it loosened up our styles, injected a lively sense of irony into our poetry, and did us all a lot of good; or so it seems to me." Thus, perhaps, do spoofers sometimes spoof themselves.

The Larrovitch spoof was a horse—or a hoax—of another color. It should be told chronologically from its inception, the scene of which was the Author's Club, in New York, possibly some time in 1916. Playing at chess were Dr. Gustave Simonson, an eminent bibliophile, and William George

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Jordan, one-time editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. On the sidelines, kibitzing, was Mr. Richardson Wright, an authority on Russia.

During one of the silences that pervade a chess game, Jordan asked the bibliophile a question: "Do you know of the 1873 translation of Larrovitch's poem from Russian into French, which was published in Paris?"

Another silence followed; then Simonson made a move and answered: "I never even heard of Larrovitch."

Jordan kicked Wright, under the table, and between them, there and then, was born the great Larrovitch hoax. Little more was said during the chess game; but for more than a year, on various occasions, when opportunity offered, they worked up the details of their creation, abetted by a few others who had been let into the secret. No more than a dozen members of the club knew it was a hoax; the body of the membership was as completely sold as Simonson, the omniscient bibliophile for whose undoing the prank had been begun. Dr. Titus Munson Coan, indeed, an elderly gentleman who at one time had been an undersecretary at the American Legation in Paris, remembered meeting Larrovitch. The Russian writer, he explained, had attended a number of diplomatic soirees, in the old legation days. Coan was able to describe him with some accuracy. Later he cleared his memory and was let in on the hoax.

The upshot of this amusing situation was a celebration arranged by the Author's Club on the occasion of the centenary of Larrovitch's birth. It was held in the club rooms on April 26, 1917, and was hugely attended. Papers on Larrovitch were read by distinguished members of the club, lantern slides were shown illustrating scenes associated with his career, and there was even exhibited a collection of Larrovitch relics "loaned by M. Lenin of Moscow." A portrait of the great Russian was presented by a generous club member, together with a page of Larrovitch's manuscript, and a pressed flower from his grave at Yalta. These latter were framed and hung upon the wall under crossed flags of Russia and the United States. The legend of Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch went over with a whoop; and ultimately—in 1918—a sober volume was published under the club's imprint, edited by Messrs. Jordan and Wright: *Feodor Vladimir Larrovitch. An Appreciation of His Life and Works*. It contained the papers read at the celebration, with notices later added, and was handsomely illustrated with photographs of Larrovitch at various ages, of the room in which he died, and of his tomb at Yalta. There were photographs also of his mother and father and of the various relics brought together at the Author's Club. And at the very end, a series of references signed with Simonson's name, for the guidance of Larrovitch students who might wish to go more deeply into the life of the Russian master than

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the immediate volume permitted. This last note, I am afraid, and several others, were the work of Mr. Wright.

It was a masterpiece of creative deception; and, as usual, the press helped it along. Notices of the book were numerous and most of the reviewers took it seriously. The break came when someone from the *New York Tribune*, interested by the reviews, visited the Slavic department of the Public Library in quest of Larrovitch's novels. "We had made," said Mr. Wright, "the fatal mistake of spelling Larrovitch with two "R's," which aroused the suspicion of the learned old librarian then heading that department!"

Some of the most innocent and humorous specimens of the literary spoof have been associated with the city of Chicago, most unliterary perhaps of great cities. In the eighties and nineties, a master of the art was settled there in the person of Eugene Field, a practical joker of the highest order (and occasionally of the lowest). The spoofs were in large part confined to his famous column in the *Chicago Daily News*, from which incautious readers learned surprising details of the lives of public heroes. Typical of this master at his most preposterous, was his account of an incident in the life of Stuart Robson, the actor, who was, of course, his friend. At one time, Field wrote, this eminent comedian had taught a Sunday School class in Alaska, and as a treat to its members, one day, had taken them for a sleigh ride, in the course of which they were pursued by wolves. It was a situation calling for rare presence of mind, and Robson possessed it. He escaped, wrote the columnist, by throwing the children to the wolves, one at a time, beginning with the bad little boy who never put any pennies in the contribution box.

It was in the field of bibliophily that there occurred, nearly one hundred years ago, what may perhaps be called the greatest hoax of them all. The episode is the most fantastic in the chronicles of book-collecting: the high history of the Fortsas Library and its sale.

The year was 1840 when the great collectors of England, France, Belgium, and Holland received in their mails a printed catalogue of the library of "le Comte J.N.A. de Fortsas," and learned that it was to be sold at public auction in the small village of Binche, in Belgium, the home of its recently deceased owner. They had never heard of the late Comte de Fortsas; but the catalogue was remarkable. It contained only fourteen pages and listed a scant fifty-two items; but each item was unique. No volume listed by any previous cataloguer had place in the collection; and the preface set forth the reason: the late nobleman had collected only books of which no other copy existed in the world. Obviously, these would not be too numerous, it was pointed out, although once there

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had been many more than the catalogue disclosed. For certain volumes that seemed to fulfill his condition, the Comte de Fortsas had paid their weight in gold, only to expel them from his shelves when he learned that they had been noticed by any previous collector. Books that had betrayed him in this fashion were given away, or sold, or even destroyed. In consequence of this, the catalogue recited, the once distinguished collection had been decimated, over the half-century of its formation, by various inroads upon its integrity.

The catalogue numbers ran to 222, presumably the number of unique works the library once had contained; but there were many gaps, and in actuality only fifty-two remained. These, however, were such as to upset the collecting fraternity of Europe. Not only were they unique; in some instances they were scandalous, and capable of causing trouble.

An incredible pilgrimage began, and for a time all roads led to the little Belgian village of Binche. It is recorded that the great bibliophiles of Paris left secretly, in roundabout ways, hoping to have the field to themselves, and met in stagecoaches near the end of their journey. The Princess de Ligne, anxious to preserve the reputation of her own and other families, commissioned M. Nodier to buy No. 48 at any price. Meanwhile, each stage from Paris brought new arrivals; they gathered at the village inn and worried the innkeeper with their inquiries for "M. Mourlon," the alleged notary at whose home, in the Rue de l'Eglise, the sale was supposed to take place. But there was no M. Mourlon in Binche, and no Rue de l'Eglise. All this was on the tenth day of August, in 1840.

Toward evening, when the police were beginning to worry about the queer strangers who had descended upon the village, brandishing their little pamphlets and talking wildly, a quiet gentleman who had arrived in the morning, and who throughout the day had followed the conversations at the inn with profound interest, obtained an evening paper from the Brussels coach as it went through. He read a paragraph aloud. The town of Binche, he proclaimed in shocked tones, had bought the Fortsas Library *en bloc*, and intended to keep it as a memorial.

Uproar descended again upon the village authorities, and again the authorities protested they knew nothing. They had never heard of the library, the sale, nor of anybody mentioned in connection with it.

And they were right. There was no Comte de Fortsas, living or dead, and no Fortsas Library. There never had been. There was only M. René Chalons, of Brussels, antiquarian and writer of books on numismatics, who had invented the Count, the catalogue, and the whole coggery. He was the quiet man who read the announcement from the newspaper.

—Vincent Starrett

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GAME OF IDENTITIES

ALL YOU NEED IS A MEMORY FOR NAMES, GRANTING YOU EVER HEARD OF THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE

EACH of these personalities has a universal claim to fame. Listed below are fifty concise and adequate clues to the identity of individuals prominent in the fields of science, literature, politics and adventure. Every clue is followed by a group of three suggested names, only one of which is correct. Correct answers each count two. A score of 62 is fair, 74 is good, and 86 or better is excellent. Answers will be found on page 126.

1. FIRST DUTCH GOVERNOR OF NEW NETHERLANDS
   - (*a*) Peter Minuit
   - (*b*) Anton Van Diemen
   - (*c*) Peter Stuyvesant
2. SWISS NATURALIST
   - (*a*) Carl E. Akeley
   - (*b*) Hervey Allen
   - (*c*) Louis Agassiz
3. SYMPHONY CONDUCTOR
   - (*a*) Leopold Stokowski
   - (*b*) Nicolò Paganini
   - (*c*) Joseph Szigeti
4. ENGLISH POET LAUREATE
   - (*a*) Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
   - (*b*) John Masefield
   - (*c*) George Bernard Shaw
5. FRENCH EXPLORER
   - (*a*) Georges Cuvier
   - (*b*) Gustave Doré
   - (*c*) Jacques Cartier
6. ITALIAN VIOLIN MAKER
   - (*a*) Nicolo Amati
   - (*b*) Gabriele d'Annunzio
   - (*c*) Luigi Cremona
7. CLERGYMAN AND STORY-WRITER
   - (*a*) Horatio Alger
   - (*b*) Maxwell Anderson
   - (*c*) William Baffin
8. OPERATIC SOPRANO
   - (*a*) Kirsten Flagstad
   - (*b*) Maude Adams
   - (*c*) Margaret Anglin
9. WRITER OF DOG STORIES
   - (*a*) Harold Bell Wright
   - (*b*) Kathleen Norris
   - (*c*) Albert Payson Terhune
10. PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
    - (*a*) Nicholas Murray Butler
    - (*b*) John H. Finley
    - (*c*) Wilbur L. Cross
11. FRENCH INVENTOR AND AVIATOR
    - (*a*) Louis Bleriot
    - (*b*) Albert Sorel
    - (*c*) George Heriot

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12. Composer of the Opera *La Tosca*
   (a) Giacomo Puccini
   (b) Giuseppi Verdi
   (c) Ruggiero Leoncavallo
13. American Prison Reformer
   (a) Thomas Mott Osborne
   (b) Samuel Pepys
   (c) Elihu Root
14. King of Norway
   (a) Haakon VII
   (b) Christian X
   (c) Gustaf V
15. Justice of U. S. Supreme Court
   (a) Hugo L. Black
   (b) Stewart Edward White
   (c) James Branch Cabell
16. English Prime Minister
   (a) Alexander Balfour
   (b) Herbert H. Asquith
   (c) William W. Astor
17. Premier of South Africa
   (a) Jan Christiaan Smuts
   (b) John W. Kimberley
   (c) James F. Rhodes
18. Stratosphere Balloonist
   (a) Jean Picard
   (b) Auguste Piccard
   (c) Niccolo Pisano
19. Creator of Fu Manchu
   (a) Ambrose Bierce
   (b) Sax Rohmer
   (c) Edgar Saltus
20. French Patriot
   (a) Jean Greuze
   (b) Nicolas Chauvin
   (c) Joris Karl Huysmans
21. Canadian Humorist
   (a) Bill Nye
   (b) George Ade
   (c) Stephen Leacock
22. American Reformer
   (a) Josiah Bartlett
   (b) Anthony Comstock
   (c) Henry Carey
23. Spanish Inquisitor
   (a) Tomas de Torquemada
   (b) Juan De Valdes
   (c) Zoroaster
24. American Clockmaker
   (a) Charles Lewis Tiffany
   (b) Seth Thomas
   (c) Matthew Vasaar
25. Chess Master
   (a) John Revolta
   (b) Jesse Owens
   (c) Alexander Alekhine
26. Visigoth Conqueror of Rome
   (a) Charlemagne
   (b) Aoki
   (c) Alaric
27. Nemesis of Yellow Fever
   (a) William T. G. Morton
   (b) Adolf Lorenz
   (c) Hideyo Noguchi
28. English Admiral
   (a) Clyde Beatty
   (b) James Beattie
   (c) David Beatty
29. French Buccaneer
   (a) Jean Lafitte
   (b) John Napier
   (c) Mirabeau
30. Inventor of the Lightning Rod
   (a) Walter Hunt
   (b) Benjamin Franklin
   (c) Thomas A. Edison
31. English Highwayman
   (a) Dick Turpin
   (b) Richard Dix
   (c) Dick Whittington

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32. American Confederate General
(a) Pierre Beauregard
(b) Horatio Gates
(c) John Burgoyne

33. Roman Historian
(a) Horace
(b) Vergil
(c) Tacitus

34. Revolutionary War Soldier
(a) Henry M. Stanley
(b) Anthony Wayne
(c) Edmund Allenby

35. Irish King Who Defeated Danish Invaders
(a) Brian Boru
(b) Canute
(c) Claudius

36. Famous American Sculptor
(a) Godfrey Kneller
(b) Peter Lely
(c) Augustus St. Gaudens

37. Authority on the American Language
(a) Alfred B. Nobel
(b) Henry L. Mencken
(c) Robert A. Millikan

38. Plymouth Pilgrim
(a) Thomas Ashe
(b) Isaac Barrow
(c) John Alden

39. Greek Geometrician
(a) Dionysius
(b) Euclid
(c) Isocrates

40. Antarctic Explorer
(a) Fridtjof Nansen
(b) Gen. Umberto Nobile
(c) Sir Ernest Shackleton

41. German Physicist
(a) Johann Von Schiller
(b) Wilhelm K. Röntgen
(c) Franz Sigel

42. English Philosopher
(a) Charles Spurgeon
(b) George Dewey
(c) Herbert Spenser

43. Danish-American Philanthropist
(a) Baruch Spinoza
(b) Carl Schurz
(c) Jacob A. Riis

44. Cuban Revolutionist
(a) Emilio Aguinaldo
(b) Ignacio Agramonte
(c) Pio Baroja

45. Boz, a Pen Name
(a) James Boswell
(b) Charles Dickens
(c) James R. Lowell

46. Shawnee Indian Chief, Killed in Battle
(a) Powhatan
(b) Tecumseh
(c) Sitting Bull

47. American Furniture Designer
(a) Duncan Phyfe
(b) Thomas Chippendale
(c) Max Reinhardt

48. Renowned British Painter
(a) Benjamin West
(b) William Hogarth
(c) Benjamin Constant

49. Famous Aviator
(a) Count Geza Zichy
(b) Roscoe Turner
(c) Ralph de Palma

50. Noted Violinist
(a) Angelo J. Rossi
(b) Clas Thunberg
(c) Eugene Ysaye

—A. I. Green

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HOW GOOD IS YOUR TASTE?

THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF MENTAL EXERCISES DESIGNED TO TEST—AND IMPROVE—YOUR TASTE

PICTURE, in your mind's eye, an antimacassar type pre-War living room: flamboyantly flowered carpet, acidulous green wallpaper, glass bead drapes, silk-tasseled upholstery, grotesque hand-painted lamps, knick-knacks without end, rhyme or reason.

Do you shudder in horror at the image? Fine—you have passed the first test. But that was a cinch. Reefs remain ahead on the following six pages. Before you sail into them, however, take fair warning.

This is a game. You will probably enjoy taking this taste-test. But you are hereby cautioned that it will be "good for you."

The catch is that good taste, definitely, is not instinctive but acquired. Usually it is acquired unconsciously, by environmental association. Yet anyone who makes the attempt can refine his taste through conscious effort.

The man-made objects that surround us, if beautiful, are made so because they follow the laws of design. These laws are based on a few fundamental principles which may be learned and understood. And judgment is best developed by the systematic exercise of the critical faculties.

A sharpened sense of criticism, whether acquired accidentally or by the purposeful method worked out here, is an asset of the highest order. It gives one a standard of comparison, it makes visits to galleries and museums more stimulating, it has a practical, everyday application in the home. And it makes one more sensitive to beauty wherever he may see it.

The taste-test on the following pages is the first in a monthly series. This particular exhibit, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation and presented at the Cincinnati Art Museum under the direction of Ella S. Siple, is devoted to miscellaneous objects. Future taste-tests, already prepared, will carry you into other fields of design.

Take this test and check your judgment against the opinions on page 129. No matter what your score may be, it is bound to improve progressively with subsequent issues. That is, it will if you are at least as educable as the committee of stenographers, office boys and elevator operators who served as guinea pigs to prove that this series of taste-tests really works.

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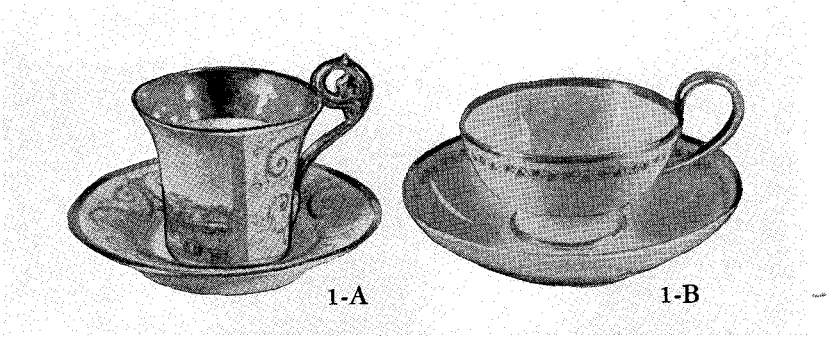
AN EXHIBIT OF GOOD AND BAD TASTE

Which Object in Each Pair Is in Better Taste—and Why? Answers on Page 129



Two 19th century cups and saucers, the one at left of German manufacture and the other made in France

Two English copper-lustre pitchers of the 19th century

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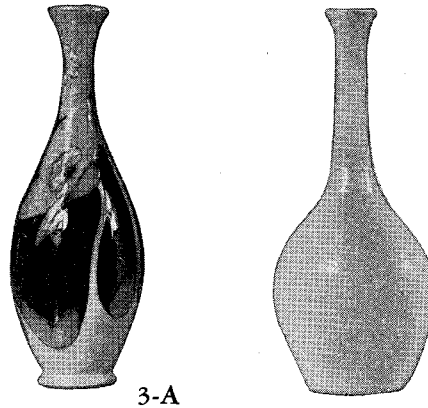
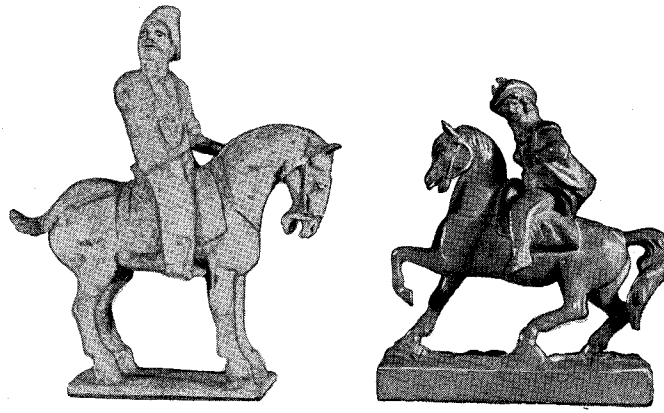


3-A 3-B

Two pieces of Rookwood pottery, of American manufacture, about 1900



4-A 4-B

Chinese terra cotta statuette, probably of the Ming period, at left; plaster cast at right

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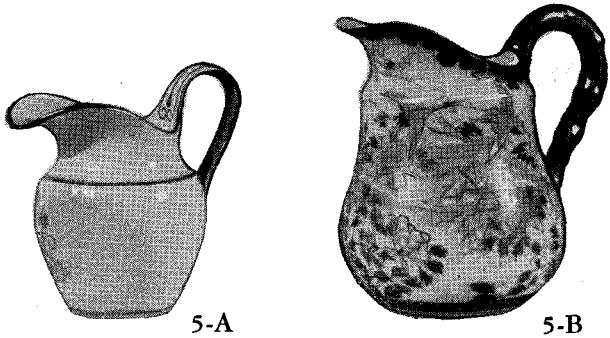
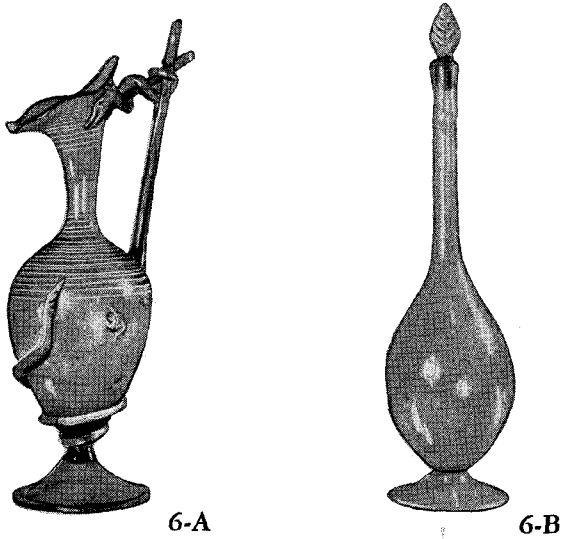


5-A 5-B

French porcelain pitcher at left; Japanese pitcher at right



6-A 6-B

Blown-glass pitcher from Venice, Italy, at left; blown-glass decanter from Orrefors, Sweden, at right

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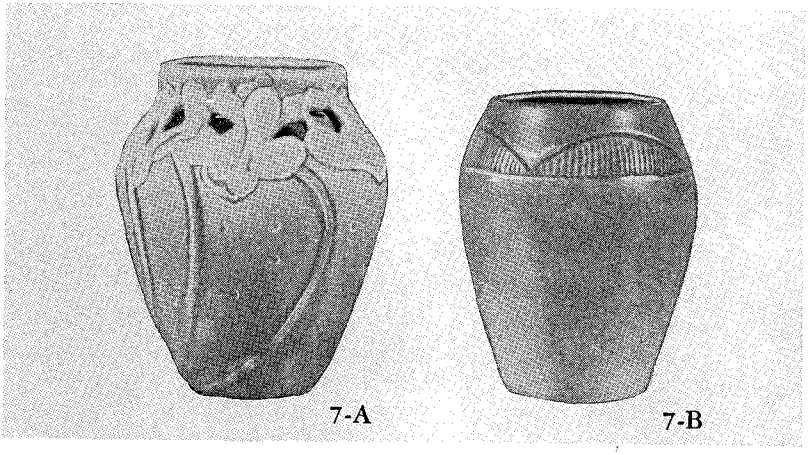
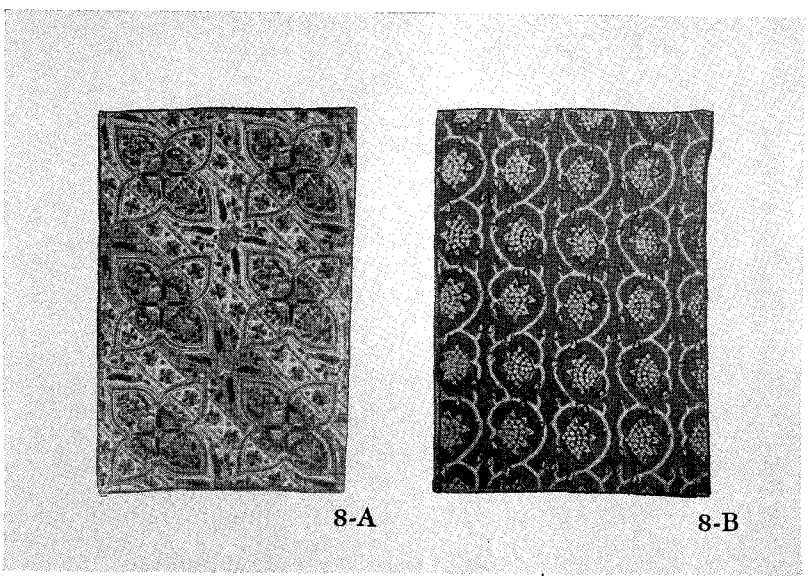


Two Rookwood vases of American manufacture



Two examples of East Indian printed cottons

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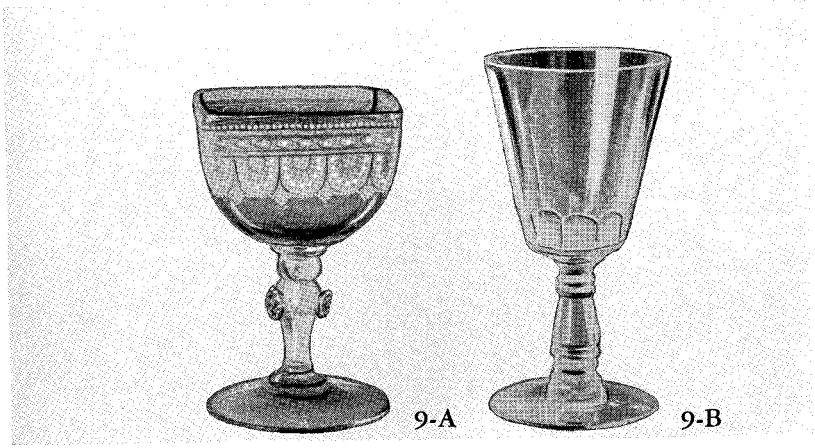
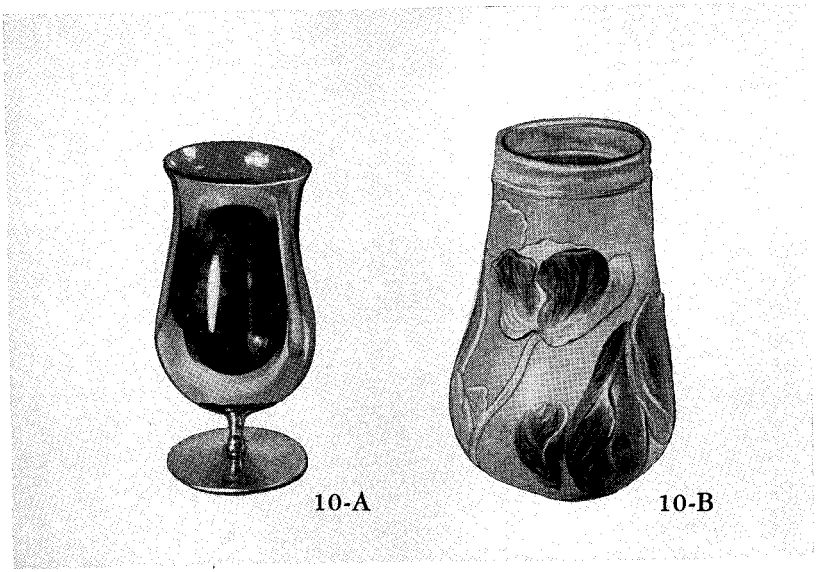


German goblet at left; English goblet at right



German vase at left; American vase at right

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11-A 11-B

Two examples of Rookwood pottery

12-A 12-B

English pottery pitcher at left;
French porcelain pitcher at right

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WOMAN OF THE ROADS

SHE SAT BY THE ROADSIDE WAITING FOR HEAVEN, AND TO MAKE WAITING PASS QUICKLY SHE DRANK

I WAS walking along a road in Limerick of Munster of an evening, when I came upon an old woman sitting in a ditch. She asked me for a match, and as she lighted her clay pipe I saw the ruin of a great beauty in her face. She spoke to me:

"Thanks, young man, for stopping for an old woman. The world passes by, and I sitting in the ditch with my own poor self, and they thinking me not worth a cuckoo's spit, nor fit to drive a hen from the doorway.

"Och, what do they know about me and what I was once? Go you up Mayo way to that place of the castled splendors and ask them will they be remembering Moira Mulholland. They'll tell you.

"Once I wasn't old, young man, and had the grand beauty and a look in my eyes would bring folly out of a saint himself, and make him stop his drowsy chantings. There was never a sweeter colleen from Roscommon to Kildare. I mind those days now, the good days I had, when I had the fine hair and a race of curls of gold around my head the way Helen or even Deirdre herself wouldn't be in it with me, and my two ears, and my cheeks with the dimples in them, and my faultless chin with a valley in it, and my curved lips always red and open, and my milk-white arms with the nice hands to them, and my snowy breasts, rich and rounded and full of love and tenderness, and my comely hips, and my shapely legs. Sure I shamed all women for grace.

"Och, 'twas many the man asked my hand. And there was a rich English lord came over for the hunt, wooed and courted me, but I would have none of him, and all the turf in the bog wouldn't warm me to him, for wasn't I a daughter of the Gael? And what would I be doing mixing with his upstart Sassenach blood? God's curse on all Englishmen! And the gentry were after me, too; the hunters and horsemen and the squireens, and drinking my health in a flood, and mad for a kiss from me, for I was a catcheous woman.

"But there was a man came out of Tipperary, and he was a grand man; he was like a mountain of red gold in his manhood, and he would pluck the banded stars out of heaven itself

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and tear up the flag stones of hell to be with me. And 'twas him I took. Then I was the happy girleen, happy as the leaves in summertime and more full of joy, the way I wouldn't be envying the great God Himself.

"Only himself was drowned one day, and I thought my high heart would break nutwise within me, and my grief went up into the waste places of the sky. For him I loved beyond all men, poor as he was, and 'twas only a new plaid shawl he gave me for a present. But I had his heart.

"And then there were other men, and what did I care after himself was dead to me? And I was a woman skilled in love and had the hot blood in me; and 'tis bad for a woman like that to be without a good man. There were many tinkers under the hedges. May Christ wither them! Och, may Christ hang them all with the same noose!

"*Ochone*, those days I'm thinking of now, the days when my soul clapped its hands and sang for the joy of living. Will you look at me now? An old woman of the roads, a withered crone, as they be saying, sitting on my hunkers in a ditch, me that had the pick of many.

"Where is my beauty now? 'Tis the way I am this day—my forehead is gone into furrows, and the hair of my head is whitened, and my eyes are smarting like two burnt holes in a blanket; my breasts that were rich and rounded are dry-withered and sapless, and my fine hips that were made for love's sweet shock are lean and shriveled, and my legs are like spindles, my high blood like water. 'Tis enough to take the reason out of one to think of it.

"Sure, I cry my fill often, remembering things. What am I now but a poor old woman, a paltry thing like a tattered cloak upon a stick you'd hang in the corner? 'Tis what I've come to this day, and my beauty was a spoon to feed me sorrow.

"But I'll quiet me now, young man, and hold my whisht who said my say when I was young, for 'tis grief is the end of love, and ebb tide is my own grief. For I'm in the dark road now, the little road that leads us all to sleep, and so we go, like the wind and wave and the wandering flame. *Ochone ullagone*, my heart is a twisted horn and 'tis lonely I am sitting here under the sickle of the moon, with no one but my own poor self and my memories, till I'm beseeching Mary and Joseph that God will take me home when my time comes and I'll be happy in Tirnanogue, the Land of the Ever-Young. And there I'll find youth again.

" 'Tis cold, young man, and I hear the winter coming up like the running of a hound upon the moor, and the boughs are shaken bare and 'tis like them I am, I'm thinking.

"Would you be having the price of a pint on you, young man? And may God and Patrick bless you, may you walk in glory and have ten sons to stand by your grave!"—T. F. HEALY

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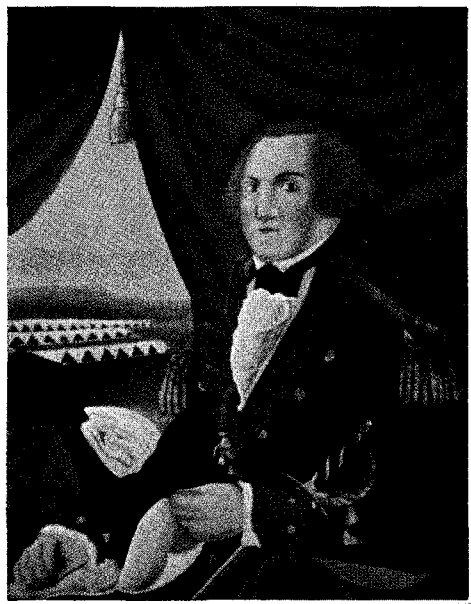
PORTRAITS ON GLASS

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS THERE ONCE FLOURISHED AN ART WHICH NOW FADES INTO LEGEND



GALLERY OF ART, READING, PA.

George Washington

GLASS of Glomy, born of the Orient, found its heyday in the America of a century ago. Today specimens of this attractive and almost unknown art become more and more rare. At auction they command ever-mounting prices. Yet the origin of these paintings, much as they are prized, is shrouded in legendary haze.

Verre Églomisé is done on glass, painted in oils on the reverse side. The colored pigments are backed up by a ground of white which reflects light back through the pigments to give the work its characteristic warm, vigorous colors. The smoothness with which the glass takes the paint adds further to the richness and brilliancy of *Églomisé*. The final touch in the Pennsylvania German works is lent by the masterful sweep of delicate lines, the subtle shading and blending

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Pennsylvania Farm Girl

of tones, and a charming naïveté in treatment of all subjects.

A few of the immigrants from the south of Germany brought *Verre Églomisé* to the New World. To these unknown artists of the early eighteen-hundreds we are indebted for the quaint and colorful glass pictures so eagerly sought today by historical societies, museums, and collectors.

The earliest record we have of pictures on glass in America involves a scandal in Philadelphia. It seems that the clever Chinese had somehow hit upon the scheme of flooding the States with reproductions of patriotic paintings executed with Oriental cunning. Among the paintings so reproduced were a number of copies of the Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington known as the Athenaeum. The alert and businesslike Painter Stuart promptly sued the importer and in 1800 succeeded in obtaining an injunction restraining the enterprising merchant from bringing any more of the copies into the country. Subsequently, only a negligible number of Chinese Washingtons appeared in America, and most of those were brought in by captains of tea clippers of New England. Today at least four such Chinese Washingtons are known to repose in American collections. Possibly more may be found in attics or in trunkloads of family heirlooms. Naturally, these few paintings are almost priceless relics of early "American" art.

Following the Stuart episode *Verre Églomisé* began to appear on Ameri-

Martin Van Buren

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can-made clocks and wall mirrors.

Simultaneously itinerant artists introduced this colorful and appealing art to the *Hausfrauen* of the Pennsylvania German farms. Popular heroes and reproductions of current prints and paintings were favorites. Buxom daughters of rich farmers appear in profusion. Jesus, Jackson, George Washington, and Napoleon topped the list. A few "pictorial" subjects—simple trees, houses, pigs, and ships—were painted but often turned out to be so amateurish that we can by no stretching of the imagination attribute them to the masters of American *Verre Églomisé*.

Just who these itinerant masters were nobody knows. Their secret, their perfect reverse painting technique, died with them. Perhaps they perished upon the stormy economic seas of the 1850's. Perhaps fashion—the mounting popularity of Currier & Ives prints, the splendidly colored German prints, the rapid development of the printing arts and photography—perhaps these newer, cheaper ways of reproducing art drove the reverse painters from the stage. It is only sure that these pioneers of American art vanished at the turning point of the century.

"Ich Bin Versprochen"

Young Napoleon

Verre Églomisé of Pennsylvania commands prices which range up to $250. Much of the value depends upon the condition of the paint itself. Peeling causes irreparable damage. Breakage of glass naturally destroys the value of a fine painting. Subject matter is

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Andrew Jackson

important. George Washington will bring a good price in almost any condition, whereas any one of the numerous ladies of whom we know little or nothing will bring but a minimum price, unless in exceptionally fine condition. But prime lookout of the buyer of *Verre Églomisé* is authenticity.

Because of the rapid and exhaustive exploitation of the rich Pennsylvania antique field, because of the efforts of such collectors as Henry du Pont, Dr. A. C. Barnes, and the late George Horace Lorimer, because of the inevitable breakage and loss through carelessness and fires, *Verre Églomisé* is rapidly vanishing. Prices of this rarity are sure to be well sustained. Even were they to rest solely upon artistic merits, values would be high. As antiques they will soon be priceless. Meanwhile, there is nothing to prevent the revival of *Verre Églomisé* as a medium for modern artistic expression. Its permanence, beauty, brilliancy, and low cost of materials are all in its favor.

—Donald Sternbergh

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

WATER PLUME

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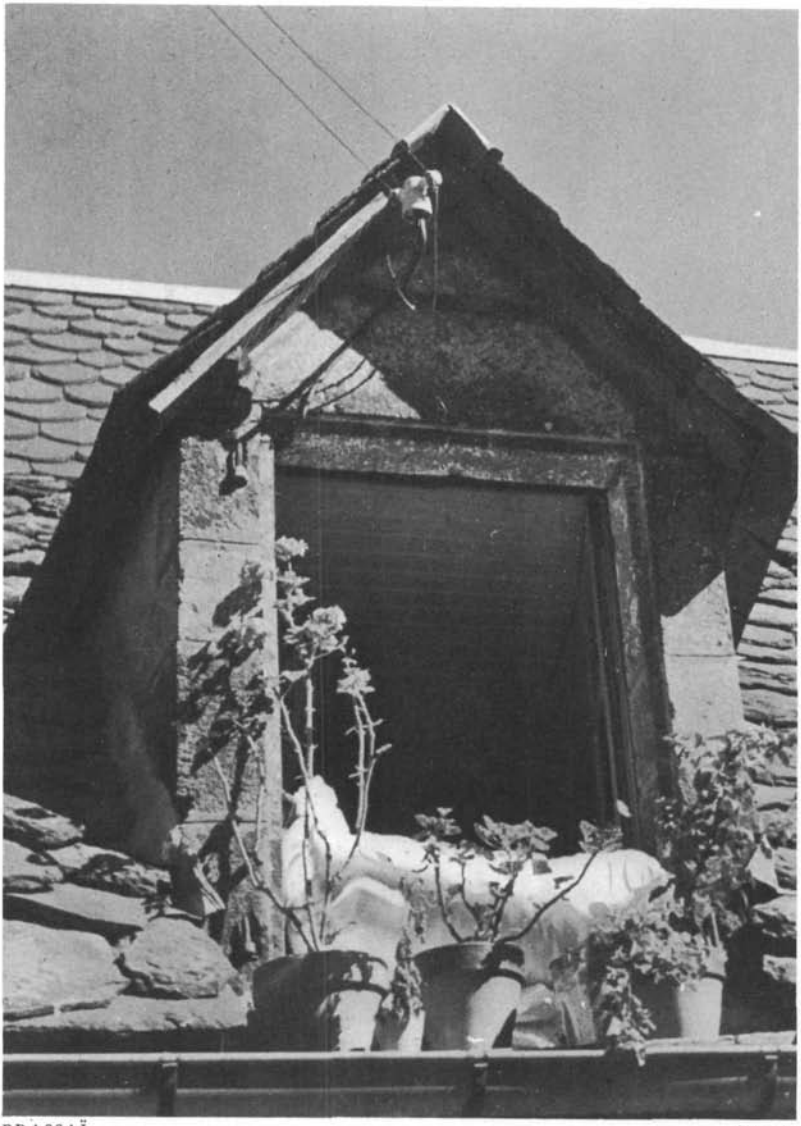

BRASSAÏ PARIS

ATTIC GARDEN

CORONET

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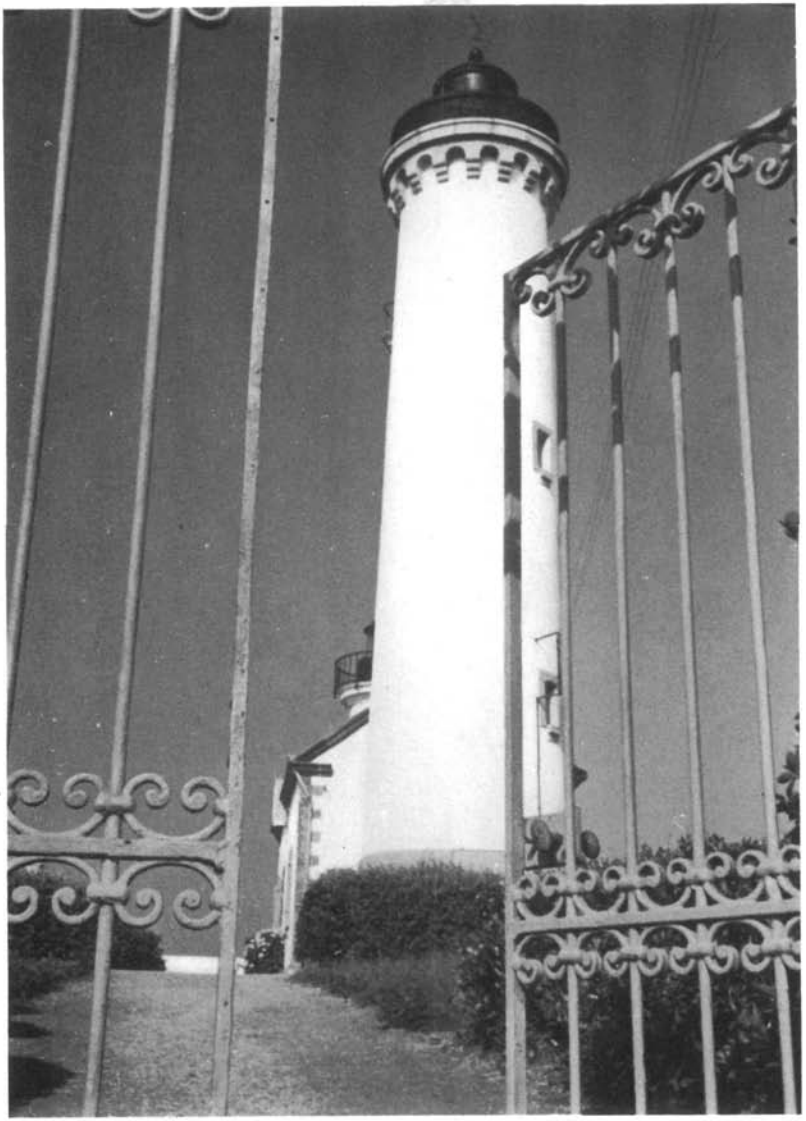

FLORENCE HENRI PARIS

AN EYE TO THE SEA

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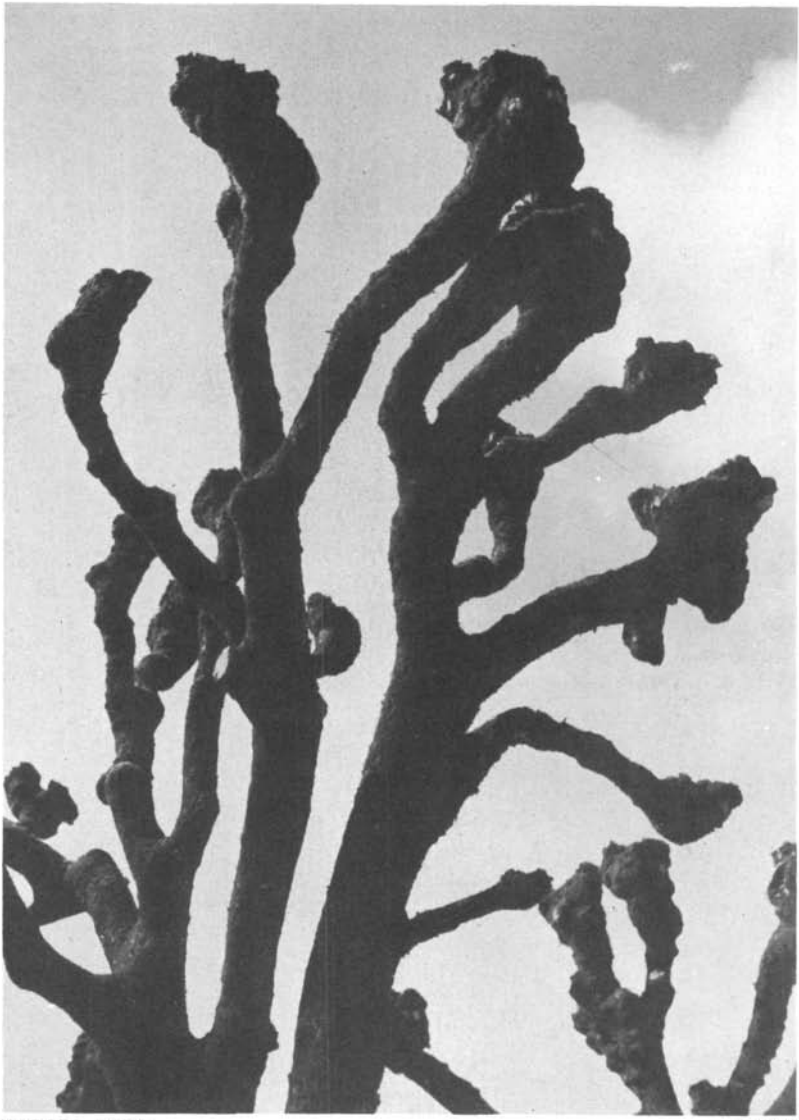

MARCEL BOVIS PARIS

CANDELABRA TREE

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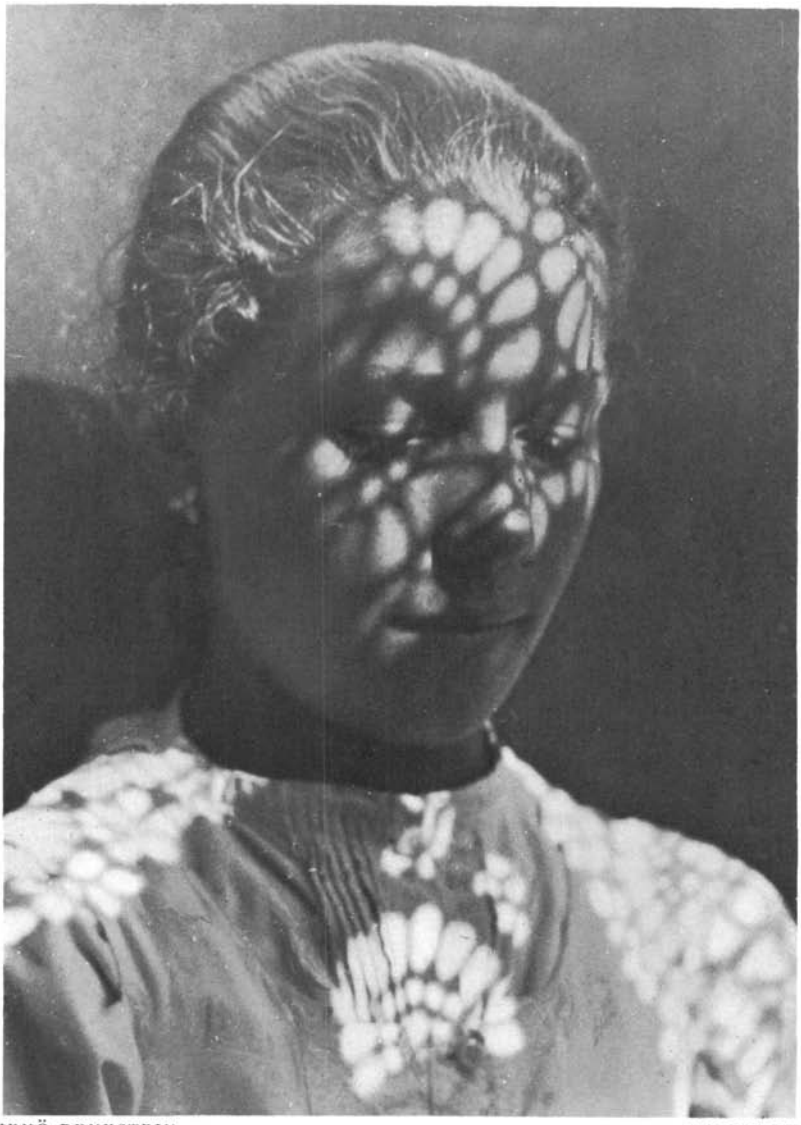
WALLACE, CHICAGO



JENÖ DENKSTEIN BUDAPEST

SHADOW VEIL

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NOWELL WARD CHICAGO

ALL ALONE

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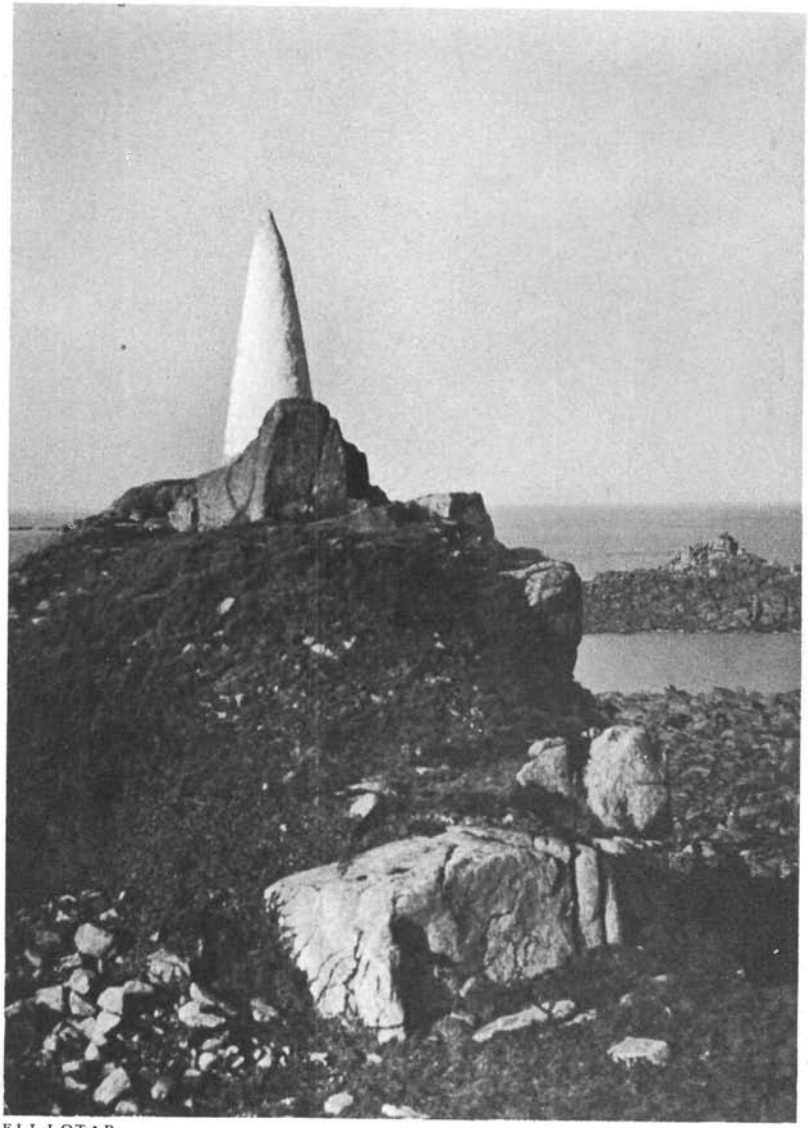

ELI LOTAR PARIS

LANDMARK

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F. WAGNER NEW YORK

MOUNTAIN MORNING

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ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

MIRTH

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BEILON FROM BLACK STAR

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SAÏ, PARIS

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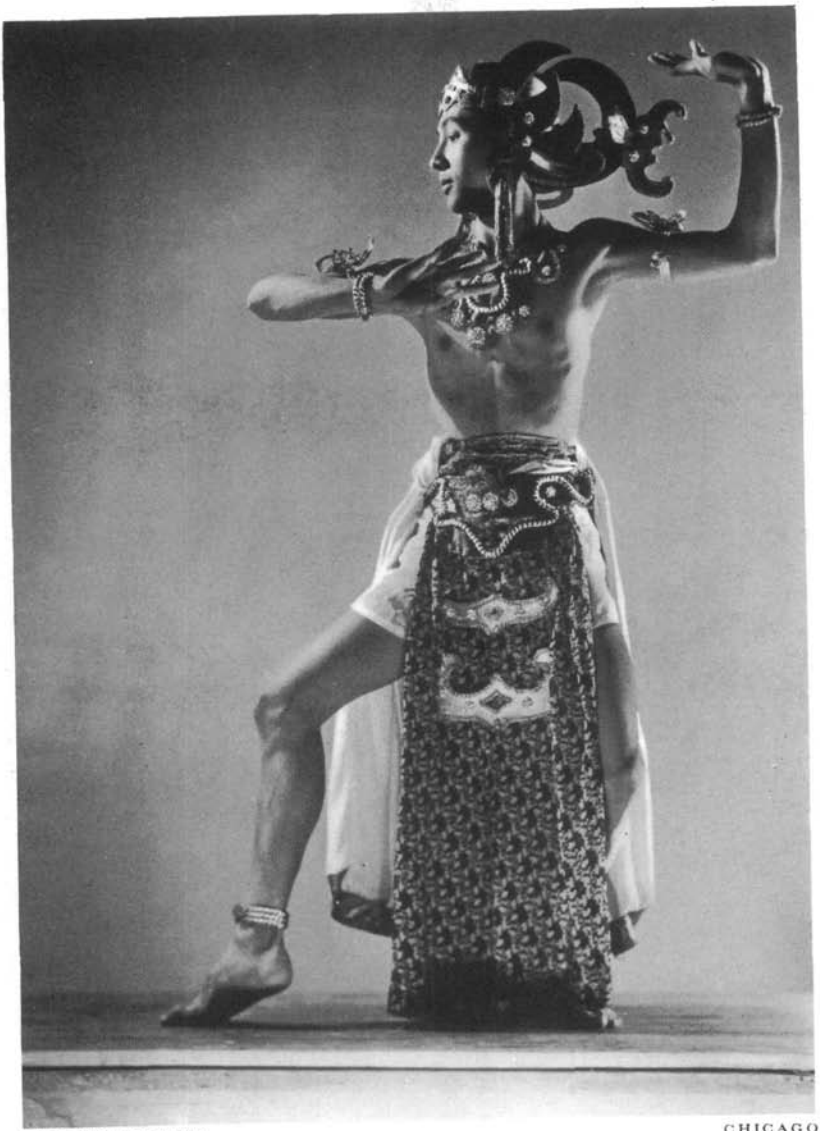

STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

DANCE OF SIVA

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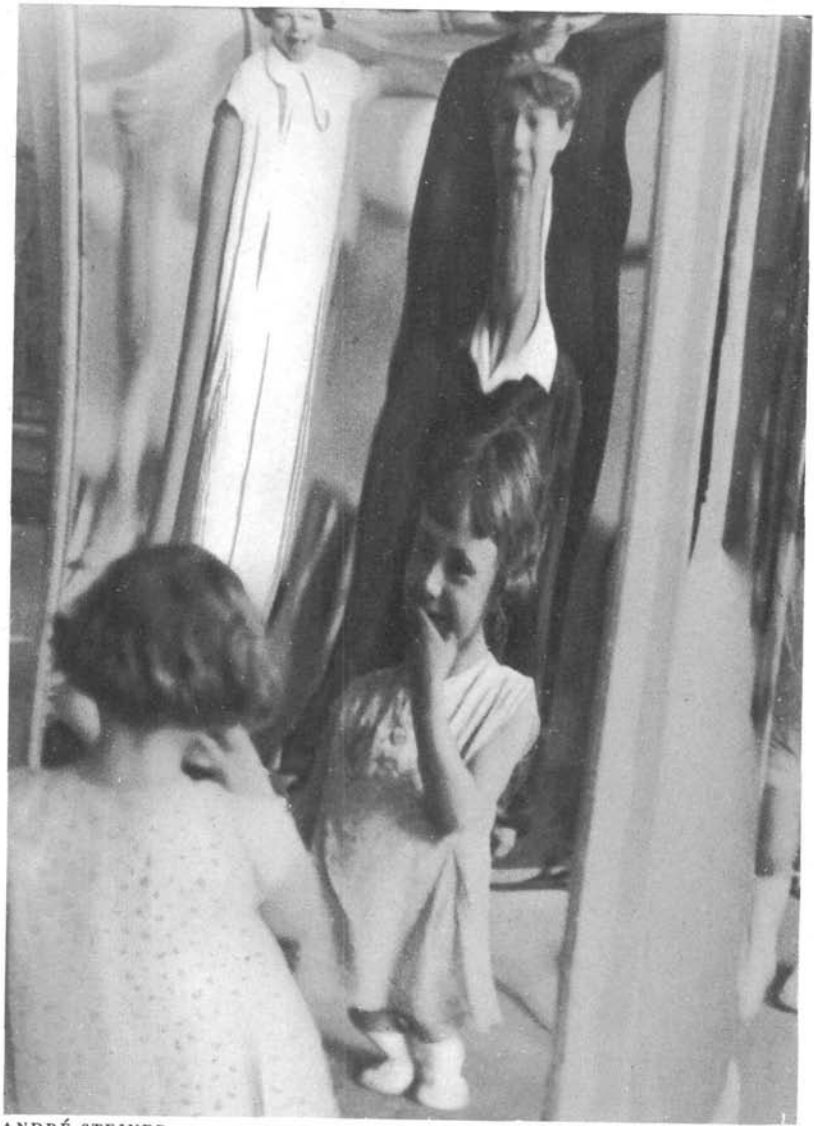

ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

CRAZY MIRROR

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V. WALLNER FROM EUROPEAN

TABLE FOR TWO

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STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

BUSY HANDS

CORONET

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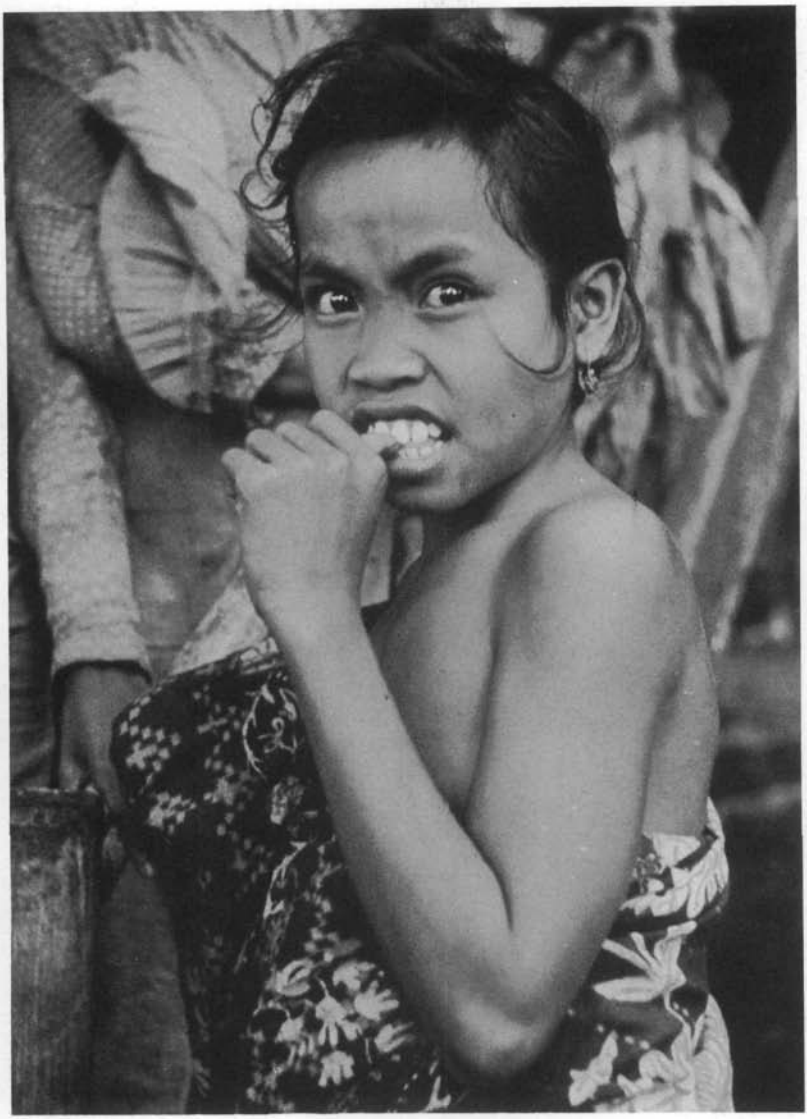

ERNST RATHENAU NEW YORK

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

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RAY ATKESON PORTLAND, OREGON

WHITE BOUNDARY

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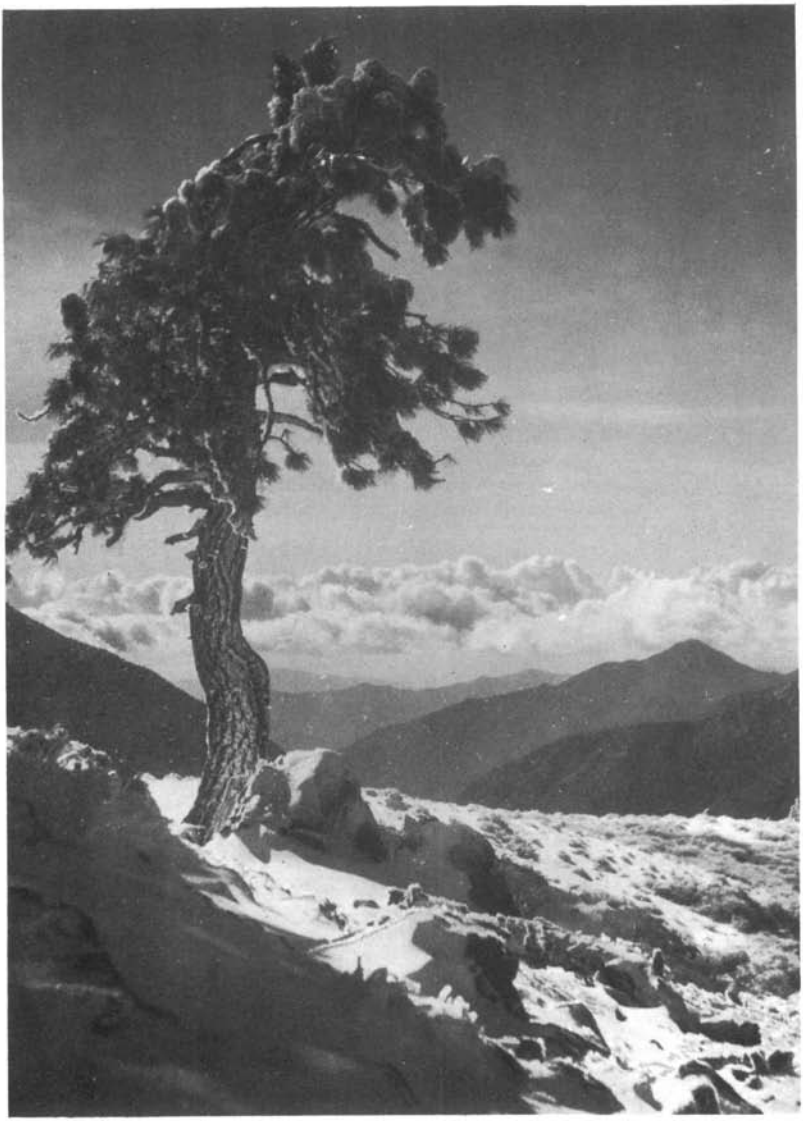

SHERWOOD MARK PASADENA, CALIF.

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ERNST RATHENAU NEW YORK

OUT FOR AN AIRING

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DR. N. GIDAL JERUSALEM

LITTLE MEN

FEBRUARY, 1939

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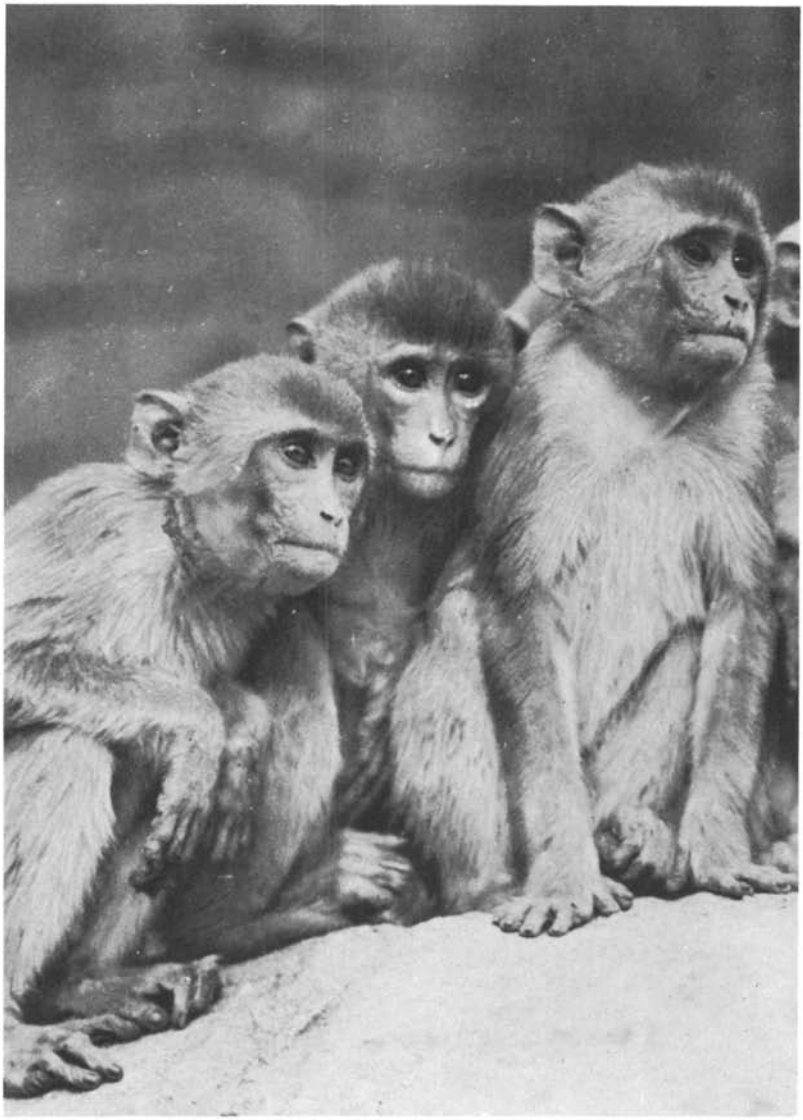

CY LA TOUR MONTEBELLO, CALIF.

HUDDLE

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LYNWOOD M. CHACE SWANSEA, MASS.

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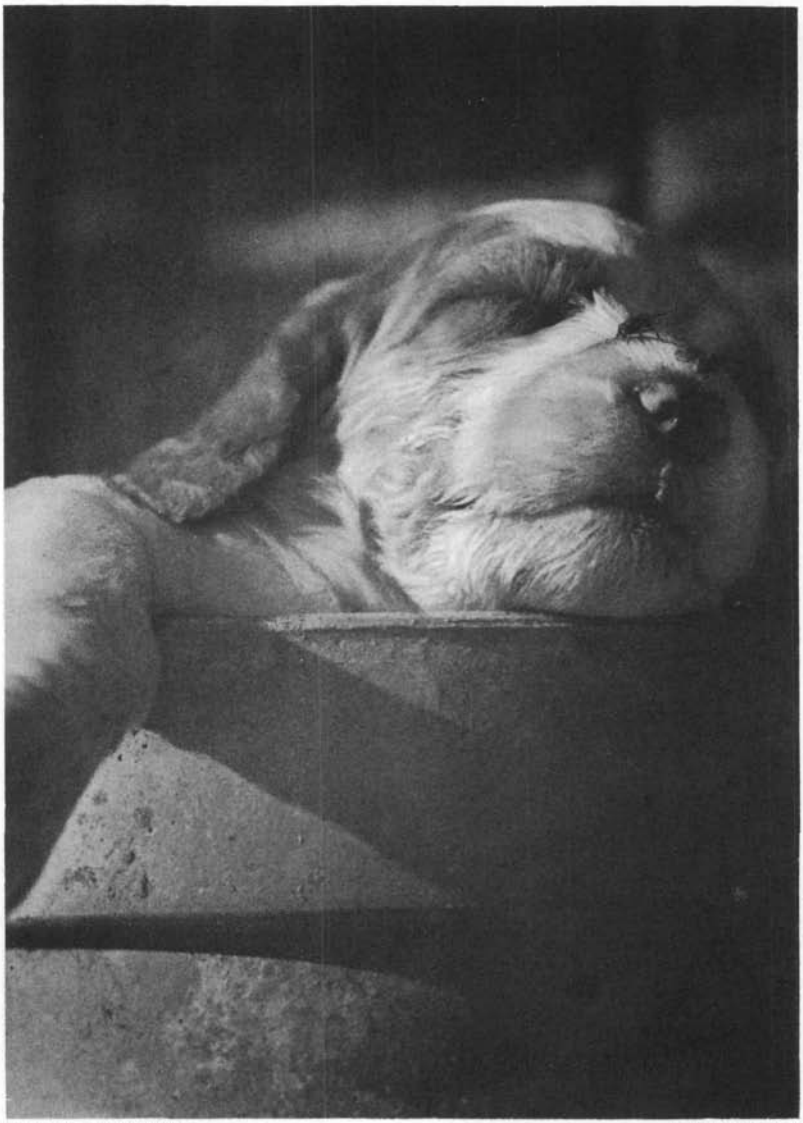

GEORGE PHILLIPS HOLLYWOOD

SHOO-FLY!

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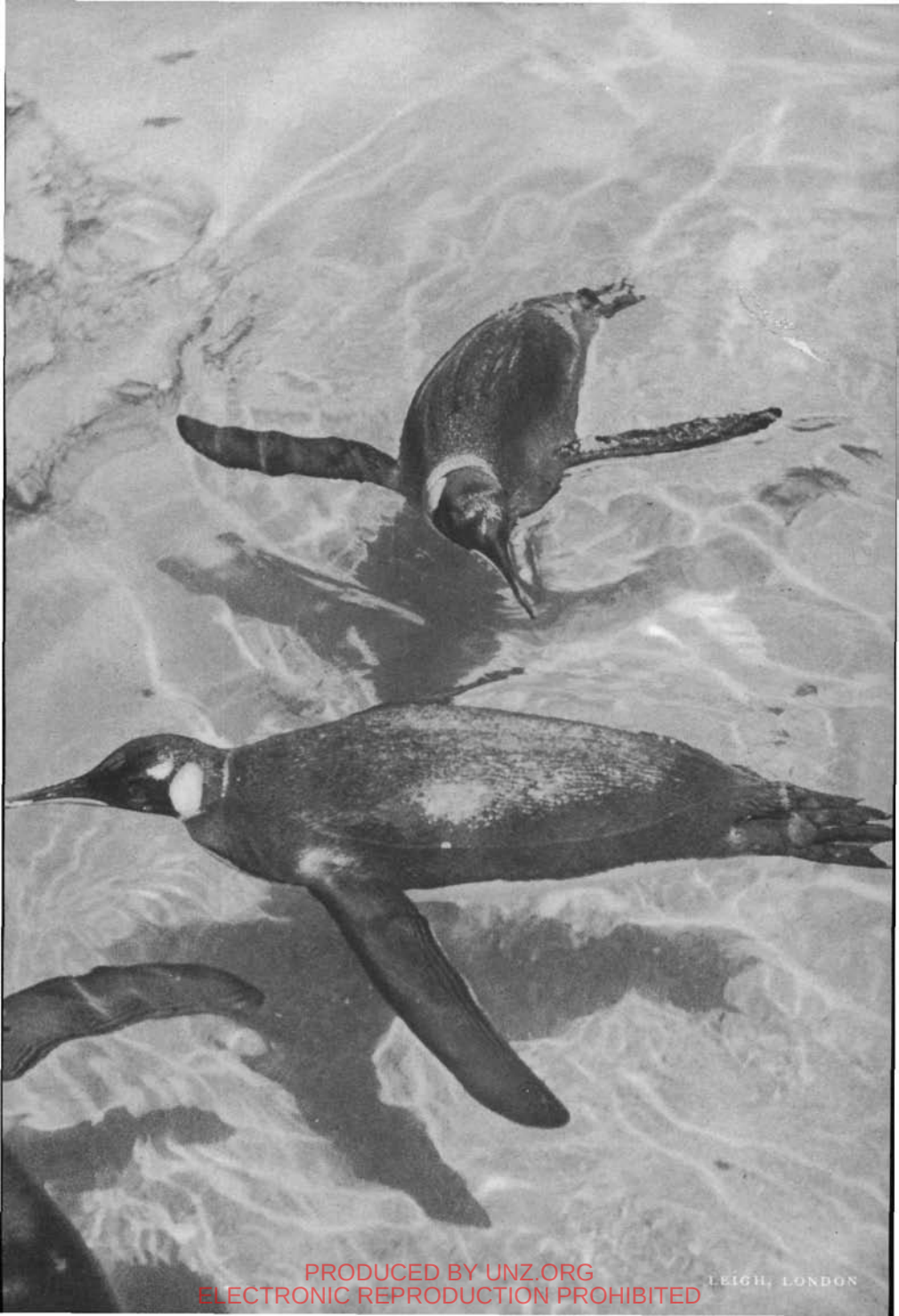

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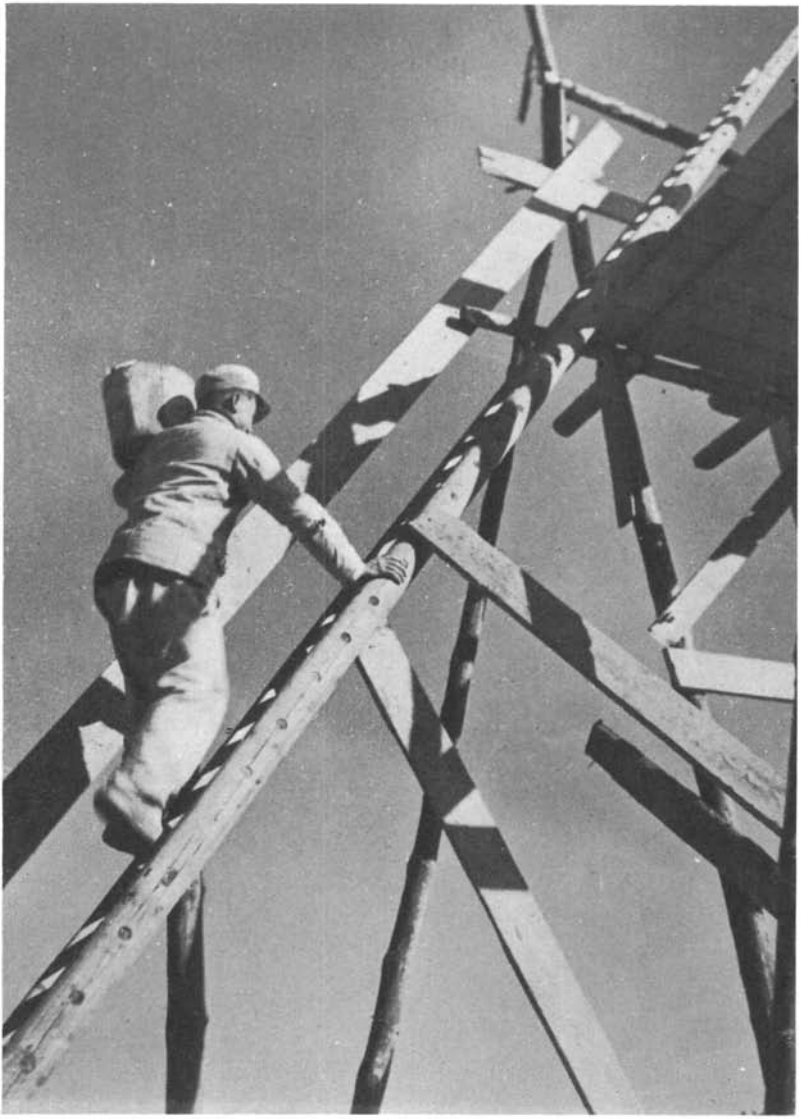
LEIGH, LONDON



Z. KLUGER TEL-AVIV

SCAFFOLDING

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CY LA TOUR MONTEBELLO, CALIF.

RIGGING

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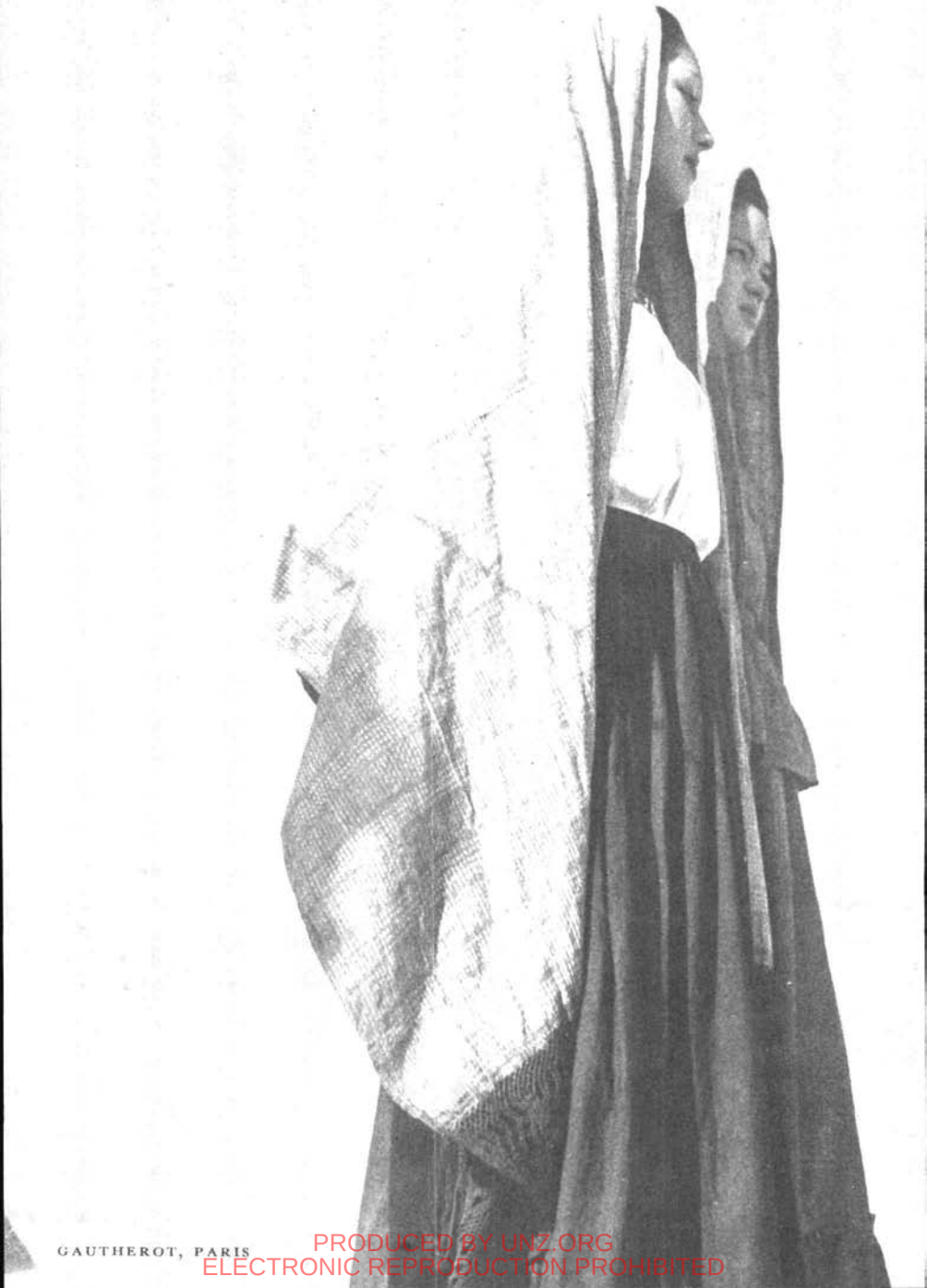

GAUTHEROT, PARIS

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MAKOVSKA PARIS

WHILE YOU WAIT

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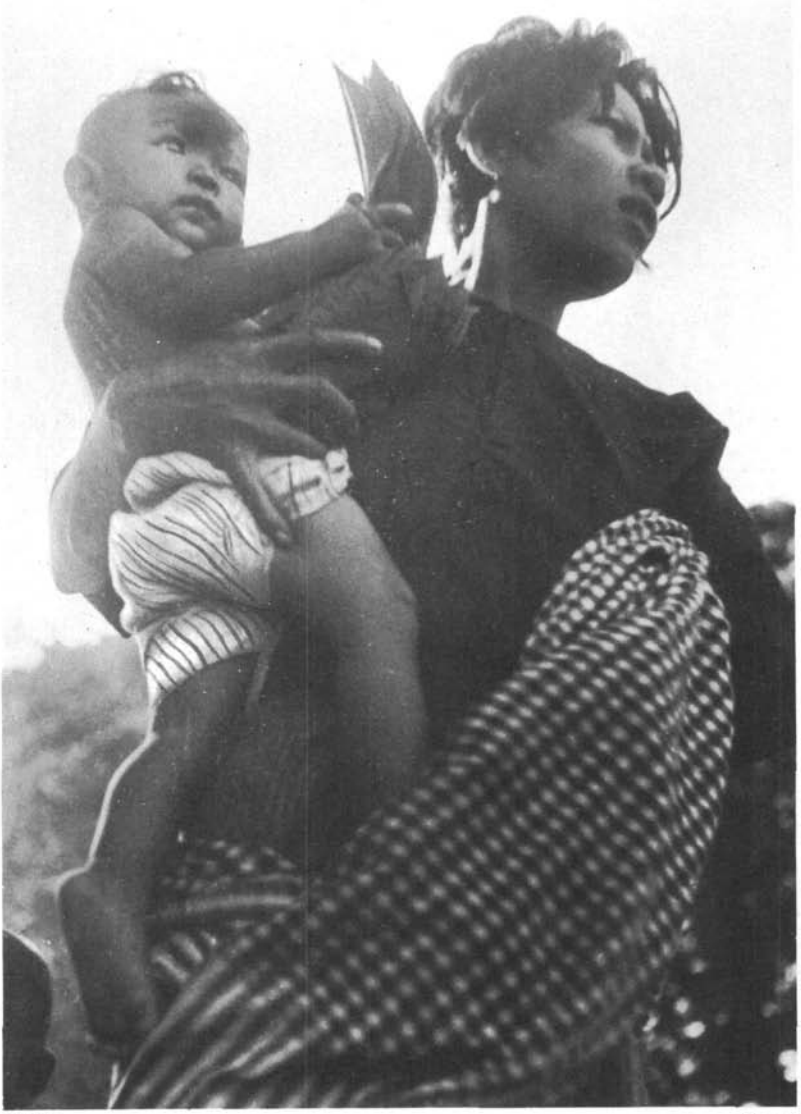

ZUCCA PARIS

MOTHERING HAND

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DON WALLACE CHICAGO

DIM PAST

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ABOUT CHARLES ROSEN

SPURNING EASY SUCCESS, HE HAD THE COURAGE TO BUILD ANEW ON A MORE HONEST FOUNDATION

CHARLES ROSEN is inclined to take the world as he finds it, to make the best of a bargain, to put up and shut up, to publish neither repinings nor regrets. No longer in his first youth, he feels that the world has done as well by him as he has deserved. There is no hint of what he might have been and what he might have done had he been given "the breaks." He doesn't think that the world owes him a second chance or the government a better living than he has been able to make for himself. His talent is his own and so are his faults.

He comes of that generation of old American stock—Pennsylvania Dutch on his father's side, Scotch-Irish on his mother's—that believes in the virtues of self-reliance. He shows you his paintings—they are what he has done and what he can do. Neither praise nor blame will throw him off balance. He has found, he reports, that life has been pleasant, that he has never had to buck anything, that he has never been able to blame anything on lack of sympathy or the errors of others, and that his faults have all been his own. He has made virtues of necessities.

Around 1916 Charles Rosen was a noted Academician. He was winning prizes and mentions. Curiously enough, he was then a more famous artist, but he is today a better painter. One would suppose that he would have been willing to let well enough alone and proceed on his academic course, painting his amorphous, sentimental Nature-loving representations, but he also read a book, he also digested a little of the yeast of Modernism and he also came to the conclusion that there was something in art beyond purple shadows on the snow. He became interested in the ordering of form and of color, in the structure of those homely objects of life—like tugs and old houses, rocks and tree forms—which previously he had stated in the evasive conventions of academic sentimentalism. For ten years he retired from the scene to work out his own salvation as artist. It would have been easier had he been making a fresh start from art school, but there was so much he had to unlearn and so much to disgorge. For ten years, or thereabouts, he was like a man who had lost the old faith with-

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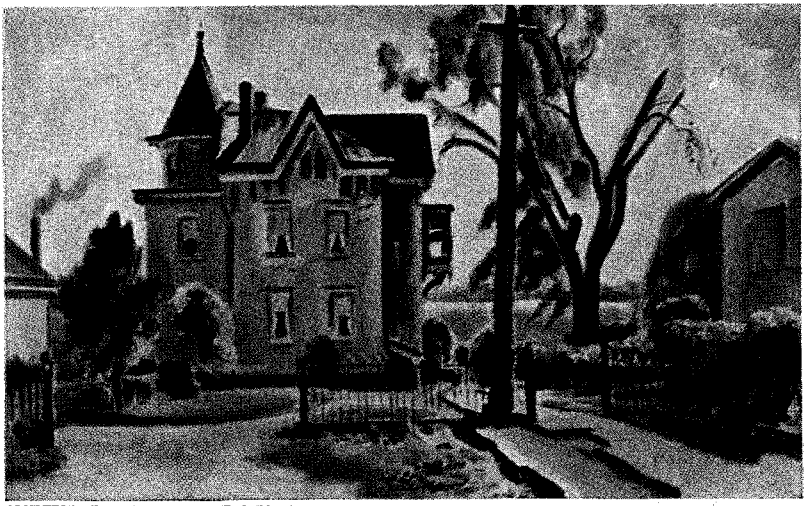

COURTESY REHN GALLERIES, NEW YORK

THE CRANE HOUSE

out having gained a new one. For ten years, studying, reading, observing, experimenting, he fought his way out of the old standards and conception of painting toward a new vision, a vision not poetical, not sentimental, but honest and sincere, a vision rather earth-bound. He became interested in the challenge of homely things, in their structure and in their reality, and a new Charles Rosen was born.

The original Rosen was born about sixty years ago on a farm in Western Pennsylvania in a home devoid of books and pictures. He boasts of no particular background. He used to draw a little and took lessons from an old maiden lady. At the age of sixteen he opened a photography shop in the town of West Newton, Pennsylvania. Subsequently he went west to Salem, Ohio, to help a friend who was running a photography studio there. Then he came on to New York, to make for himself, if possible, a career in art.

It was tough going but he never complained. He arrived with $300 and lived frugally while studying at the National Academy of Design and, later, also at the Chase School. His rent was $1.50 a week and he ate in restaurants where you could get sandwiches and pies for three cents. Coffee was also three cents. He was one of a group of four young men making their way in the big city and if any one of them had money they all had it. Thinking back on those days Rosen

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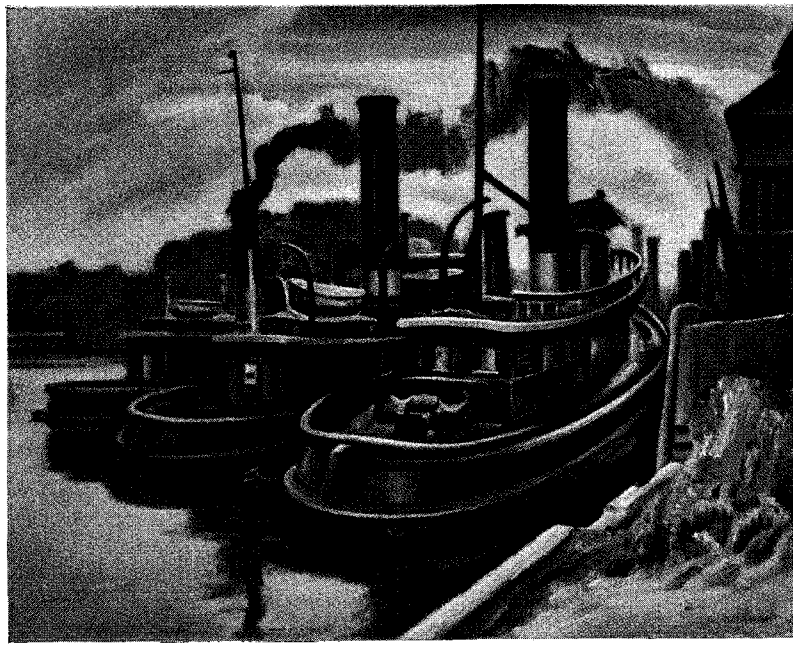

THREE TUGS

says it was never a hardship to be on your own. He recalls two of them walking down from 96th Street to Park Row to change a Mexican dollar into forty-four cents and then walking right back again to save carfare. Through one of his chums he became an usher in the old Criterion Theatre. He then worked himself into commercial art through an agent who had a number of first-rate accounts. Things were looking particularly bright. By 1900 he was making a living out of commercial art but the idea of becoming a painter had been shoved aside. Then he married and in 1902 went with his bride to live in a house at New Hope, Pennsylvania, going with assurance from his New York agent that he would have enough commercial art assignments sent on to keep him busy. Charles Rosen became a painter because the agent became involved in difficulties and there was no commercial art for him to work at. He *had* to paint. He painted a picture and sent it to the Academy. It was accepted and someone even bought it. He was lucky enough to sell occasional pictures. In 1910 he won

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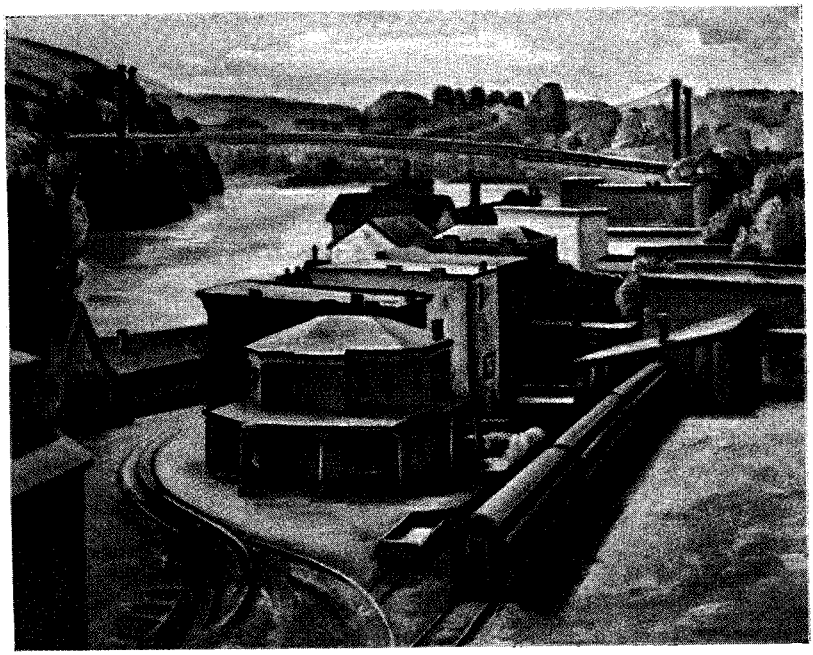

RONDOUT

his first honor, the third Hallgarten prize at the Academy and two years later he won the first Hallgarten prize. In 1914 he won the Shaw purchase prize at the Salmagundi Club and an honorable mention at the Carnegie International, while the following year judges at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco gave him a silver medal.

Around 1915 Rosen had determined to change his course, to steer away from the waters of Academism. The break could not be made easily, the more honor to Rosen that he attempted it. He had painted a picture called *Winter Sunlight*. This was around 1915 or 1916. Exhibited at the 1916 Academy, *Winter Sunlight* was awarded the first Altman prize of $1,000 and the Inness gold medal. The gold medal later was withdrawn, the money prize being considered enough in itself. This honor did not deflect Rosen from his course.

It happens that *Winter Sunlight* is a terrible painting; any one of the comparatively recent pictures reproduced with this article is a masterpiece by contrast. Ironically enough,

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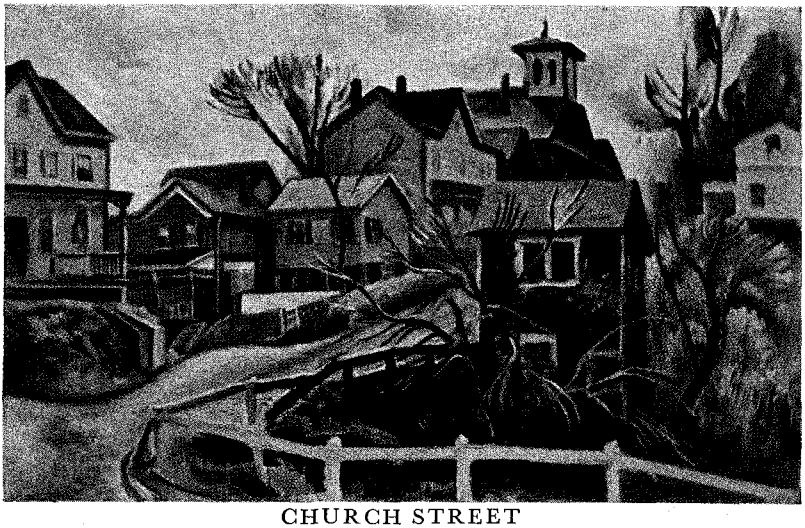

CHURCH STREET

Rosen was elected to full membership in the Academy, entitled to the use of the letters N. A. after his name, after he had decided not to be an Academician.

The real drama in Rosen's life is in the struggle of re-education and revision. That is the kind of drama it is hard to put into words. All that one can see, and judge, is the result of that struggle and that it was worth at least some of the effort put into it. Since about 1921 or 1922 Rosen has made his home in Woodstock, New York, to which he came originally to teach in the summer school of the Art Students' League. He and George Bellows built their homes within a brick's throw of each other. Another close neighbor is Eugene Speicher and Rosen's daughters, Polly and Kay, have frequently sat to both Speicher and Bellows, Speicher's portrait of Polly hanging in the Metropolitan.

He lives a rather quiet life, stirring from Woodstock only infrequently. He plays golf well enough to have fun while doing it. As a kid, he reports, he played baseball and he is still a good watcher for almost any kind of sport, especially baseball and football. He is interested in horse racing but not in horses.

At New Hope he used to keep a garden, in which he raised practically everything, from potatoes to strawberries. But now he prefers to be a spectator, even of country life, rather than a participator in it.

—HARRY SALPETER

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BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

EIGHT WOODCUTS BY DÜRER

Everything that was greatest in the great art of Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) went into his woodcuts—his vigor of expression, his uncompromising precision, his breadth and power of inspiration. The stark, straightforward medium was made to order for him, and in this style he worked at intervals for at least thirty years, producing four important series of woodcuts in book form: *The Apocalypse* (1498), *The Life of the Virgin* (1511), and the two series of the Passion popularly known from their sizes as the *Great* and *Little Passion* (1511). These works represent one of the outstanding individual contributions to the heritage of religious illustration, yet in their execution Dürer never lost contact with reality, never blunted his instinctive perception of the natural world. Reproduced above is *St. Christopher*.

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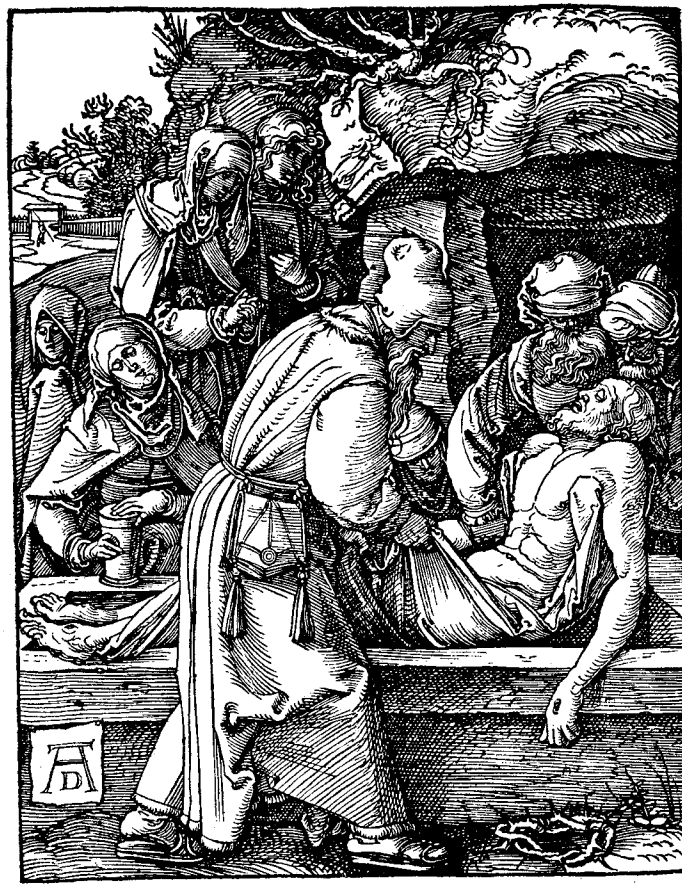

THE ENTOMBMENT

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THE EXPULSION OF ADAM AND EVE

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THE RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

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HOLY FAMILY WITH SS. JOACHIM AND ANNE

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

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THE HEAD OF THE BAPTIST PRESENTED TO HEROD

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ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

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DIET AND DESTINY

THE POOR ARE ALWAYS WITH US—AND SO IS THE SCOURGE OF MALNUTRITION

TOM is nine years old. So is his pal, Robert. Seeing them together you would never know they were the same age. Tom is small and thin. He is a pretty child, but there are dark rings under his big brown eyes. His skin is sallow, his teeth are irregular, his shoulders are slightly stooped. Robert is by no means handsome, but he is a good two inches taller than Tom, his eyes are keen, his sturdy limbs demand action, he is quick and walks with a swagger.

Tom is Robert's stooge. He is backward in school, and can't help with the homework. But he stands and holds Robert's coat or baseball mitt when there is a fight to be fought or a race to be run. He submits to Robert's practical jokes. He takes lickings when Robert picks on him to show off before the fellows. In return, he is one of the gang. Though he doesn't figure it out, he knows that the price of rebellion is ostracism, because he can't hold his own. So it is better this way.

Why is Tom an underdog and Robert a leader? Is it fate? Has it something to do with "character"? No. The answer is that Tom's father earns $1000 a year; Robert's father earns $5000. Tom has two sisters; Robert is an only child. *Translated into elementals, this means that Tommy does not have, and never has had, enough of the right things to eat.* (Yes, there are some geniuses who are sick freaks. But how many?)

Although they are so common that you meet them daily on the streets, the Toms and their problem are not uniquely American. They are international. If the world's richest nation has, at conservative estimate, 8,000,000 undernourished children, what is the situation elsewhere? Nations are touchy on the subject. They don't like to give out the results of their nutrition investigations. But in Great Britain, now the most socially aroused country where malnutrition is concerned, it is estimated that at least 25 per cent of the children are undernourished.

The science of nutrition is new, but its importance increases daily. Why? Because Tom, grown up, will probably be unfit for service in the war for which the world is preparing. He will probably fail the army tests, and as a

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worker at home his lack of efficiency will be a liability. Many nations are alarmed at the high percentage of army applicants they must reject because of disabilities traceable to malnutrition. Practically every country is now careful to feed its soldiers according to the best knowledge of nutritional science.

Curious that what promises to be the most humanitarian of the sciences was weaned on war and is being pushed to maturity by the threat of war.

As early as 1820 one Frederick Accum, a Londoner, pointed out that the population of Great Britain was being poisoned by adulterated foods. That was when the new industrialism brought before a chaotic society the problem of feeding rapidly large units of population. To meet their need the ambitious, ignorant industrialists kept half-starved cows in dark cellars to supply London's milk, whitened bread with alum, used a poisonous seed to give beer its kick, manufactured food in conditions of unbelievable filth. But Accum was so ridiculed and persecuted for his pains that he was forced to leave England.

Seventeen years later the British Association, meeting at Liverpool, listened to the reading of a scientific paper and saw the dawn of a new day.

Doctors then held ideas on food that were popular during the Middle Ages: some foods were digestible, some were bad for children, some caused acidity, or wind—or gout! The scientific paper, the work of a German chemist named Liebig, described a new discovery that foods were made up of proteins, carbohydrates, fats. Public thinking about food was revolutionized, so that by 1860 Parliament was enough aroused to pass an inept bill against food adulteration.

But not until 1899, when England had to reject three out of every five men in its recruiting for the Boer War, did the science of nutrition get its real start. From then on nutrition became a government worry. When a few years later vitamins were discovered, England had already established a school lunch system for needy children.

World War recruiting brought home to the nations the lesson it had taken John Bull so long to learn. But not until it was realized that the Versailles Treaty settled nothing, and that the depression had added new millions to the ranks of those unfit for army service, did official worrying become acute.

The science of nutrition is so new that every day brings fresh discoveries to kill a set of conclusions only yesterday considered final. But certain facts have withstood all testing. The most fundamental is that the problem of nutrition begins with the mother and the baby. At nine years, little Tommy is already damaged goods; in his small body have been rooted weaknesses that will plague him all his life.

Why, in spite of the medical pro-

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fession's boasting about progress, do 13,000 mothers die in childbirth every year in the most "advanced" country in the world? Why do 144,000 babies die during birth or in the first month of life? Medical science has failed to answer that question; nutritional science is beginning to furnish answers.

It has been discovered that if the mother was undernourished as a girl, she is likely to have defects of bone structure that will make delivery so difficult as to harm the child or result in puerperal fever—among the commonest causes of death after childbirth. It may have given her anemia or made her receptive to tuberculosis or to other diseases caused by vitamin deficiency.

Tom's mother may know that. There are government bureaus to send her free pamphlets on diet during pregnancy, and maternity welfare centers to give advice, and perhaps free milk. But they do not supply much of the food she needs. And milk, eggs, fresh fruit and vegetables, and special preparations necessary because of vitamin deficiency—all these are dear items for slim incomes. Tom's mother may know how much of what kinds of food she needs daily during pregnancy, but if she has not the money, Tom's chances for a safe delivery as a normal baby are drastically narrowed. And he'll probably begin his life with an early introduction to illness by way of rickets.

Tom's diet history in his first few years of life will decide whether he starts school doomed to backwardness, or stands a chance of growing into the kind of citizen his country wants—potential cannon fodder. These are the years when Tom and his mother have no assistance from outside agencies, yet they are the most important of Tom's life. If he does not get the right food, and enough of it, he falls heir to certain physical weaknesses—bad teeth, bent or brittle bones, and low resistance to the serious childhood diseases that may in turn cause new permanent weaknesses.

What chance has he to get that food? Prices of food and the cost of living vary greatly from year to year and from city to city, but it is a fair estimate that for an American family of four an income of less than $1,500 a year means undernourishment.

So Tom starts school, one of millions of children who at the age of six or seven are already damaged goods.

It has been discovered that mental alertness is tied to physical well-being. Tom can take only part advantage of the opportunity to learn which his government provides him. Once a year—perhaps once in two or three years—a teacher, nurse or doctor gives him a hasty medical going over. It may be found that his tonsils should be removed, that his eyes are weak, that he needs milk and well-balanced meals. The first two items may be attended to at a clinic. If Tom happens to go to one of the schools the WPA is providing with free hot lunches and milk he is fortunate. But the WPA

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cannot be Santa Claus at his breakfast and dinner, too. And these are the years during which his body must prepare for its third hurdle—adolescence, a period of severe physical strain. Still, if he is carefully fed, he may regain lost ground and win resistance to adult illnesses. If not, his last chance for a healthy life is gone.

You meet Tom, the man, in the factory and in the university, in the office and on relief. He may not be actually deformed in body, or a psychopathic case. But he is often sick. He comes to work with earaches, headaches, stomach-aches. He is always talking about his ills. Or he may be sunk in morbidity. Or he is one of those fellows you never see—he just doesn't register. If you are a Robert, you may have contempt for him. You know he'll never amount to much. And you are probably even guilty of saying, "Guys like that don't even deserve relief."

But you are as likely to be a Tom yourself.

The number of undernourished has been steadily increasing since the World War. For this, two factors are responsible. First, the new knowledge of nutritional science finds that the old standards of judging anyone's state of health are far too low, along with the old estimates of what constitutes a good diet. By the new standards and the new knowledge of the results of malnutrition, far more people are in a general state of bad health than was dreamed of. Second, the food restrictions of the World War, and the decrease in national income as a result of the depression, have added millions to those that can be judged malnourished by any standards. Complete figures for any one nation are not available, but every fresh bit of research finds new cause for alarm.

In the United States, government investigation has uncovered facts that may serve as a slight index. They reveal that:

4,000 persons die every year from pellagra. Pellagra is caused directly by malnutrition.

15,000 children die every year from scarlet fever, measles, whooping cough and diphtheria. Inadequate nutrition is a major cause of lack of resistance to infectious diseases.

Six children in every 1,000 are crippled or handicapped by tuberculosis, birth injuries, rheumatic heart disease, infantile paralysis, accidents. Of these, the first four would be greatly reduced by proper nutrition in the first years of life.

There are 1,300 dental defects for every 1,000 children entering school.

40,000 men and women between fifteen and forty-five years old die every year from tuberculosis, a disease directly related to poverty and malnourishment.

Rickets, bronchial diseases, maternal morbidity, certain eye diseases and gastric and intestinal disorders are also directly related to nutritional deficiencies. And apart from actual diseases there is a common state of

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malnutrition so general that it is not even noticed. Mr. Tom Doaks was suffering from it. It is a chronic condition of bad health that encourages underlying weaknesses, such as the diseases of heart, blood vessels and kidneys, of which about 500,000 persons die annually.

Medical science has made great advances in repairing the wrecks of civilization, but the cure for undernourishment and its maladies lies in the realm of prevention. In this field medicine has hardly ventured. First, because it has been hampered by an economic provincialism that makes healing a competitive business, narrowing the doctor's social outlook and the scope of his work. Second, because certain nationwide changes must take place before preventive medicine can begin to be effective, and these are changes that can be made only by the government of that nation.

Many constructive measures are being taken today. The number of maternity welfare clinics, nurseries, free milk dispensaries, government-hired nutritionists and research bodies, is multiplying the world over. But although they may increase slightly the amount of human material available for their armies, the nations have not begun to deal with the problem. For the root of that problem is economic. *People haven't enough to eat, not because the world can't produce enough food, but because they haven't the means to buy the food.* Only when that fact is clear does the scope of the problem appear.

Tom's mother goes shopping for her daily groceries. She turns resolutely from the more attractive cuts of meat, the gay varieties of fruits and vegetables, the rich array of dairy products. She may know that the more expensive foods are generally the more nutritious. But she does not need to know. If she had more money, she would naturally gravitate toward these foods, whether she knew or not. As people earn more, they tend to buy the foods with greater nutrient value.

Between Tom's mother and the food that will save her children days of pain and misery stands an international network of tariffs and duties that encourages high prices by discouraging the entrance of cheap foreign foods. This is part of the odd conception nations have about the obligations they owe to businesses that happen to be operating on home soil. Another part of that same conception is the government policy of keeping prices up by scarcity. The soil that might grow Tom's food remains bare on government order, and if the harvests are too good they are plowed under. "In America, at present, there is not enough land under cultivation or used for food production to supply the entire population with a liberal diet," a 1935 report on nutrition pointed out.

Between Tom's mother and the food that will give her children a fair chance at the pursuit of happiness stands an antiquated housing system.

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Housing has more than one relation to nutrition. Lack of sun and light, bad sanitary conditions and disagreeable environment curtail the appetite as well as harm the body in more direct ways. The newly published report on urban housing by the National Health Survey reveals that 3,000,000 city families in the United States have fewer rooms in their homes than there are persons; 1,000,000 families have more than one and a half times as many persons as there are rooms. Thirteen per cent of the families either have no inside flush toilet, or must share it with other households.

The price of rent is also related to nutrition. The more Tom's folks spend on rent, the less they spend on food. Slum dwellers who move into new apartments created by slum clearance projects are found to cut down on their small food allowances to pay the new rent price.

The United States is having a particularly difficult time in doing something about its nutrition problem. The clamor of states, cities and communities for the right to run their own affairs hampers all government attempts at constructive action. Only the fact that local governments were too broke to keep up their school systems gave the WPA a chance to feed hungry school children and erect nurseries and new school buildings. Great Britain is adjusting prices all the way along the line from producers through wholesaler to retailer. That's too radical for us. It would be interference with private business. Slum clearance proceeds at a snail's pace. And in one of the greatest needs, public school education on nutrition, the government can do next to nothing because the schools are locally run and controlled.

As for reducing tariffs—we complete a vicious circle that began with war and ends with it. Trade lines are being carefully adjusted so that countries are tending more and more to trade only with those nations that will not be their enemies when the next war comes. This fact, along with the frantic attempts at self-sufficiency, are restricting foodstuffs everywhere. The national feeling of obligation to native businessmen grows, for these are the men upon whom war will make special demands to supply their government and keep the stay-at-home population busy and quiet.

The League of Nations warns:

"The physiologist can estimate the dietary requirement of mankind; the chemist, the biologist and the engineer are devising methods which may make it possible to satisfy them. A planless economy may nullify their efforts. Improvement in the diet of the great masses of the world's population can be brought about only by rational planning on an international or national scale, based on a knowledge of the principles of nutrition."

Some day, perhaps, there may be such planning. But today we plan for war. —Sylvia Pass

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COLORFUL KOMROFF

HE PAINTED, DRANK BEER AND SAID THIS IS THE LIFE; THEN HE GREW UP TO BE A WRITER

WHEN Manuel Komroff came out of Yale about the time the World War began, he was a colorful youth with golden-red hair and an ambition to be a painter—not a writer. We lived in the same little artist and writer colony at Ridgefield, New Jersey, just a nickel ferry trip across from Manhattan—the very merry ferry ride that Edna St. Vincent Millay immortalized. Other colonists were Orrick Johns, Man Ray, Walter Kethmiller and Bernard Karfiol, and everybody fancied himself a rebel, anarchist or something.

I used to sit around Komroff's shack after doing my own writing and watch water colors flow from the brush in his pointed fingertips—all of his pictures at that time striving for some sort of combination of Bakst, Boldini, Hiroshige, Picasso, Benvenuto Cellini, the Primitives, the Moderns, and some lively ones in between. His paintings were always vivid, with an unusual Oriental touch; for Komroff not only used Chinese brushes, but ate with chopsticks and trained his first mustache to drooping paint-brush points that made him look more like a Mongolian than a born New Yorker of Russian-American stock. He lived an ascetic, though active, life in a twelve-dollar-a-month shack in that tiny colony overlooking the whole Hackensack Valley, and wore a shiny black satin cap from Pekin, topped with a coral bead, when he worked—peering through round, thoughtful eyeglasses as worldwisely as a mandarin. From the first, I liked Kommy, as we called him. That boy had color all right—it oozed out of him like paint from his tubes.

And he was funny and human besides. He "bached" it in the shack, cooked his own meals, mostly out of cans, swept out, turned his deft craftsman's hand to decorating Chinese fans and porcelains. But twice a week he went to New York to teach at the Ferrer School and help Emma Goldman get out *Mother Earth*. His social side was expansive; so no portrait of this artist as a young man could be complete without gobs of humanity in it. From Russian oppression he inherited an urge toward equality of existence, freedom, which found full expression in his history of the fall of

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aristocracy in *Coronet*. The friends of his youth were altruistic outlaws, better-seekers. Kommy's little hermit home in the woods was open to artists and anarchists alike: Hippolyte Havel, Sadakitchi Hartmann, Harry Kelly, Ben Benn, Si Bent, Bill Tisch and other social and art radicals who rusticated there. The shack was also open to the wind, stray dogs, cats, chickens and ducks, which Kommy doctored free of charge. He did everything free of charge and paid for drinks besides. Kommy helped his neighbors and gave to the kids what spare nickels he had.

His landlords were a drunken pair of Polish peasants who years before had dug their bare toes into the rich, black earth on the slope of Oxen Hill and had stayed put until the Ridgefield Colony sprang up, like a mushroom from the leaf-loam. The rich black Jersey earth remained always under their toenails as they clumped barefoot over their hillside, tending their pigs and cow, collecting rents, chasing the chickens and the growler.

The lady landlord we called "Ma," and to keep her tin pail flowing like Philemon's with beer Ma had to steal the eggs from under her own hens and devise adroit means to keep the birds from cackling boastfully during the operation. These eggs, while still warm, she sold secretly to the colonists because "Pa" didn't approve of her having even egg-money.

Kommy was Ma's best customer. With impish chuckles he entered into the game of outwitting Pa, and always kept exact egg change to thrust into Ma's chicken-like claw when she tottered up the slope on her unsteady black pins and, showing her inflamed gums, held out a surreptitious cackleberry or two with a toothless, shameless grin. Ma also gave Kommy's painting shack what cleaning it got, scrubbing it down weekly from a slopping pail of soap-suds. She appeared only in the company of pails (water, milk, slop, swill, or beer), ceaselessly toddling about with pails.

Kommy was kind both to animals and to people. Always there was a crackling fire in his eyes, and words exploded beneath his melancholy, far-eastern mustache; popping, firecracker words. Sometimes he bared the swift, razor-like edge of his tongue to people he didn't like. But mostly he crackled pleasantly, whimsically. His tongue was two-edged. He had a sharp tongue and a sugar tongue. No half way. One thing or the other and heartily. I never knew a better friend, a more friendly friend. Anybody Kommy liked could have his shirt. He didn't have many shirts either, but the ones he had were colorful, never drab, and his neckties had that same subdued hilarity you noticed in his paintings.

We used to sit on the frail clapboard porch of his shack at night among the chirping crickets and stars to smoke and talk. Kommy was full of original observations, lightning-like flashes and noteworthy wisecracks.

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Even then he was a grain house of out-of-the-way information. Well-packed, brimming over a little at the top with good measure. He remembered a Russian story of a kitten that was whipped because it didn't catch mice and when it grew to cathood it ran away from the tiniest mouse. Kommy knew all about gold-beater's skin, "whipping boys," the use of dried shark's tongues for grating guarana, and silver panderangandams. Out-of-the-way erudite bits of informative stuff. He called his friend Harry Kelly "Hari Kari" and insisted that what the Japanese committed was "Harry-Kelly."

There was a tail to the kite of him, made of silk rags as bright as Joseph's coattail; it lifted Kommy lightly over some of the rougher ground. We sat, too, at the White House, a saloon up the hill where lusty Emil and rosy-round Rosey, the Swiss proprietors, with their sleeves rolled up, poured balm down thirsty throats.

In those days Kommy seldom mentioned writing. He read a great deal of everything—the French and Russian short story masters, of course, and Marx, Nietzsche, Havelock Ellis—but he never talked about them. Besides pasting the wrappers and licking the stamps, he must have written articles for Emma Goldman's *Mother Earth*, too; but if he'd ever tried to write a story at that time he never spoke of it.

He made pictures and porcelains, experimented with dyes, enamels and jewelry—a born jeweler, a modern Benvenuto Cellini. His artistic vitality and versatility pointed to a brilliant career as a craftsman, but no one would have dreamed then that he would turn out to be a writer instead. Uniquely and ardently he was a creator with manual and mental dexterity, but first of all a connoisseur of living. He liked to eat, drink, laugh, talk and play—he played the piano as a good piano wants to be played. I was a more or less popular writer then and I think Kommy liked me for my ability to both tell and sell a story, but I don't remember that literature meant anything to either of us; that is, literature beyond the great tales and lyrics, sailors' chanteys, folk lore and unprintable, classical bits of Americana like "Lil was the best the camp produced."

Automobiles were exciting novelties then and we spent a lot of time driving either an old Regal underslung (until Kommy burned it up by accident) or a brand new Overland touring car, until I knocked the differential to pieces on a rock fifteen feet off the road one foggy Ridgefield night. Kommy found one of the back tires next morning half a mile down Oxen Hill where it had bounced and bumped its way independently of the car. In my copy of *Coronet* Kommy writes, "Those were the days!" Well, they were, all right.

After leaving the little colony of artists at Ridgefield I went to South America and for six or seven years

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I neither saw nor heard of Kommy.

In 1923 on a trip back to New York, Kommy came to see me. He had married a water colorist and was still the same high-hued creative artist, with that golden glow of living which made him such a good companion. He got himself up like a refined rainbow, not in the showy, striped-shirt, varnish salesman manner, but in the subtler harmonious style of a conventionalized aurora borealis. To me Kommy seemed more Asiatic than ever—all he lacked was earrings. I had always called him a Chinaman and he believed he had inherited Mongolian blood from ancestors on the border of Russia. Certainly he had fallen heir to some Oriental culture, including the chopsticks.

Chinese art influenced him so much at one time that he installed a kiln in the old shack and turned out vases with the glow of black pearls, glistening with almond blossoms—beautiful tone-synchronized ceramics, to my mind as interesting as the Ming pieces in the Metropolitan Museum. Playful motifs he liked best, decorative rhythms as lively as the Hundred Boys of China; all sorts of humorous hydra-heads popped up in that boy's pottery. He used reds, greens, metallic lustres, mellow Dutch gold, silver, copper and bronze siftings for peacock tails as scintillating as those of Ma's barnyard roosters. Some of the pieces he sold, spending the money on beer and skittles for Hippolyte Havel, Harry Kelly, Bill Tisch, Si Bent *et al.* I don't think Kommy cared so much for the beer as he did for the concomitant conviviality, the *mit* part. He was nothing of a drunkard, though many of his friends, including myself, were something in that way.

Those were Kommy's salad days, when he was supplied by an indulgent family with just enough money to buy paints, pants and porridge; and Ridgefield offered a quiet retreat where he read, painted, thought and played. Played on the piano and played on the grass. Whether he was born a musician or dragged-up one, I don't know, but he sure could play.

But when I saw him again, grown up in 1923, he wasn't playing. He was hard at work then designing book-jackets and holding down some kind of job with Horace Liveright, the publisher. It didn't sound so hot and Kommy didn't seem excited about it. Too much of a dreamer, I thought, to ever get recognition in a publisher's office. His life hadn't been much out of the ordinary up to that date, *but he had been to China.*

That was the thing I got excited about.

Both of us had always wanted to sip tea in the Jade Bazaars of Canton, Shanghai and Pekin. We had talked about it endlessly, sharing our admiration for age-old Eastern culture, and Kommy had beat me to it. He had gone to the font, to the source. I hadn't. That trip to China left a big gulf between us.

In 1930 I met a friend of Kommy's

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in Paris who told me Kommy was busy somewhere studying Chinese. He was going to read it and write it and talk it, absorb the world's oldest culture right down to the last ideograph.

That tickled me! Just the stuff to feed his philosophic mind, his artistic talents. Kommy doing something at last that he was born to do.

In *Juggler's Kiss* I read of Kommy's trip to China, how he played fan-tan from the balcony in Macao and intimately I was there with him. Good old glittering, jabbering Orient! Life in the raw, bare from belly to cerebellum. Life in and out. Touch and go. Now you see it, now you don't. Life quicker than the eye.

That was the stuff to feed a creative artist like Kommy.

Let him get out of his stuffy publisher's office—see the world. Let him feel it. Let him write about it. His own colorful way.

There was vivid old Kommy chopstick jumping along in Hong Kong like Nijinsky. There was fanciful Kommy chasing red ants up their pants in Brazil. There was Kommy—in *Juggler's Kiss*.

That book took me right back to Ridgefield, carrying a pail of beer from Emil's White House carefully down Oxen Road to the shack, with Kommy wisecracking along. Good times. Swell companionship. Life smacking of life. *Schmeckt gut!*

Well, I never enjoyed a book so much, not even *Tristam Shandy*, *Sard Harker*, *Count Bruga*, or *The Sun Also Rises*. It was crazy as hell. Crazy to think of old red-headed Kommy with his Chinese paint-brush mustaches actually being a writer instead of a painter. A real writer. A great, big, colorful writer. A regular Jimmy the Ink. Illuminated, lit up. I laughed. I laughed out loud.

Then I got a letter from him. His handwriting was a kind of expressive art in itself.

"I never forgot the day you talked to Hippolyte Havel in front of the White House—you were then the fiction editor of *Pearson's*—and he was telling you all about Continental short stories. There is little he said that either of us did not know. Chekhov, De Maupassant, Andrief, Kuprin, etc., etc. All the big names. We had nothing like any of them in America. How strange! And you were looking for the real stuff in a desert! I was very much impressed by this flight of fancy. And if you would only have stayed I am sure you would have found Anderson and Hemingway and others. And besides a good five-cent cigar the country still needs a fiction editor. It was true then and it is true now.

"Well, Bob, the main thing is to carry on and do the things that you have been ordered from the sky to do. We all sail under orders and I would like to inspire you to take a voyage into the mystic land of creative ideas. Write it out. Nail your pants to the chair and don't stop."—Bob Brown

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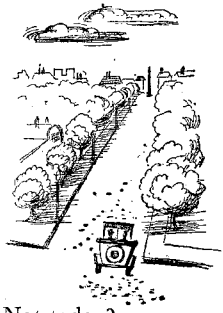
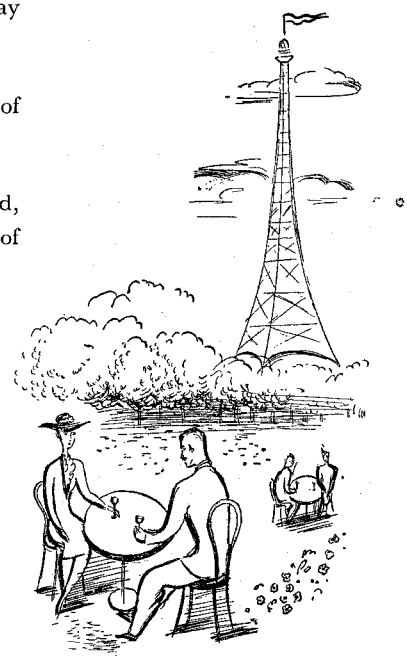
"RITZ-BAR"



I will go as far as the *Place Vendôme*,
But no further . . .
Almost any other day I will go to the
Ritz Bar with you
But not today.

Not today?
Well . . . Yes, partly because it's Thursday
(or is it Friday?)
Partly because of this divine weather
Which makes the distances the color of
hyacinths;
Partly because it's Spring;—
A fact that you, of course, haven't noticed,
(Sensitive though you are to the moods of
love
And the "years" of wine,
The Seasons leave you indifferent . . .)
A *Martini*,—a *Pernod*, even a *Dubonnet*,
You say, will "do me good"
. . . But today I *am* "good,"—
In the sense in which you mean it!
—That is to say—unnaturally gay
And rather amusing
And vaguely amorous—
Without having to drink a *Pernod*,
a *Dubonnet*, or even a *Martini*.



No—*mon petit;* I will leave you in the *Place Vendôme*.
And you may go in and mingle with the monkeys and the amoeba,
And I shall turn back, stopping to buy myself a bunch of violets
In the *Rue St. Honoré*, and then go on, to the *Tuileries*

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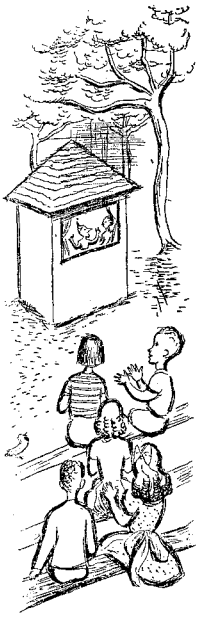
Where it is always fun to watch the children
playing round the fountain
And the *Guignol* theatre among the trees
And the better known ghosts of two centuries,
Such as poor darling Marie Antoinette, and
that awfully attractive bad-hat Lauzun
(Who must have been like you, my sweet, in
many ways)



Here alone in the sunshine
I can sniff my violets
(The ghost of the notorious *Duc*
D'Orléans has just passed by
With two divine-looking young men.
The Empress *Eugénie* came out
But went in again to change her blue-
satin slippers for pink)
You must be having your second
whisky and soda now—
I wish I minded more being away from you!

Distance always disenchants me about you;
The Atlantic, the Pacific or the *Rue de Rivoli*
Between us,
Always make you less attractive.
But when you are there, being so amusing
And rather exaggeratedly elegant
And your bath powder and cigarettes making
you smell faintly exciting,
Then I don't want to leave you.

When I see you at luncheon
I will shew you the picture that I am paint-
ing in my brain.
A silly pretty design called "Paris Spring."
The background is *Pernod* green
Upside down is the *Arc de Triomphe*
Swinging by two pink ribands from a
lamppost
And sitting in the arch is a pale yellow naked
lady with a bunch of narcissus in her lap

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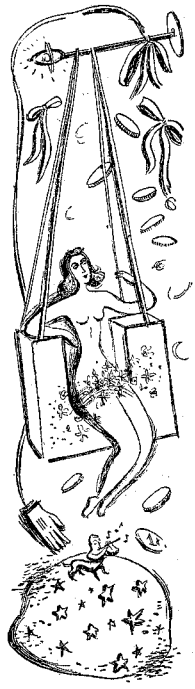
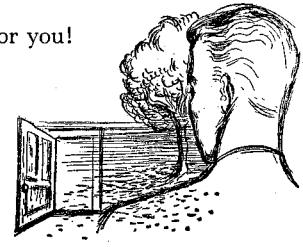
And below is a black field with coloured stars
growing all over it; and a sort of Centaur,
Top-half politician, lower-half a leopard
Is rampant on this star-spangled grass—
Playing a flute. Spaces are filled in
With bows of pink and blue riband and
swallows
And masks and coins and gloves
And anything else that you can think of—
That has a pretty colour or an odd shape . . .



The man over there coming across the
sunshine
Has a way of walking that startles me; Why?
I don't know why.
He stops to watch the *Guignol* theatre.
He is tall, and narrow waisted
And stands on one leg with the other
knee slightly bent, and one hand
holding the lapel
Of his grey overcoat
He is wearing a brown hat.
And his "profil perdu"
(I always thought the phrase "lost
profile" so pretty)
That line of brow and cheek turned away,—
Is familiar! As if I had come suddenly
To a door familiar in childhood (the
grain in the wood familiar)
And leading to—a room that I'd forgotten too
Until this second—
(Lost Time; lost profiles; forgotten
doors, . . .
There's another picture for you!
An elegiac trifle)



Now he turns his head
Moves a step sideways
To let two children get nearer
the little theatre
(For *Polichinelle* has made his entry.)

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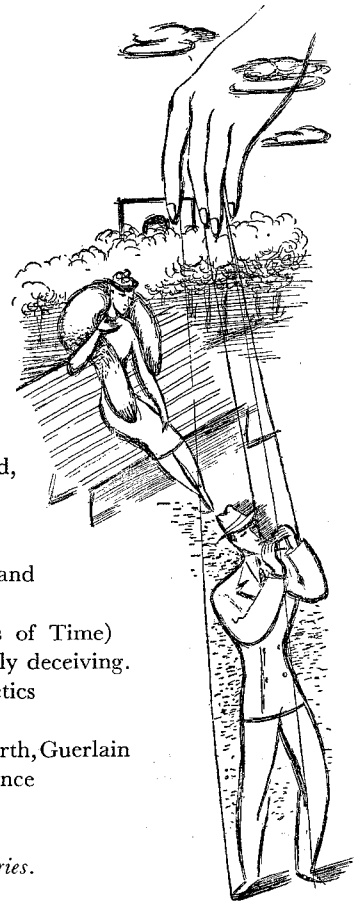
He doesn't look as if he's changed at all!
He stands there, as clear and hurting
and un-living
As a memory; as remote
As remembering,—although he's only
Fifty yards off: but static now;
As if the Hand,—that marched him
across the gravel
Past the stone-rimmed pool, were busy now
Moving Polichinelle to amuse the children
And left him, wired, but inanimate
As the same Hand leaves me,
Head staring, limbs collapsed, on a bench.
Feeling all my false pearls choking me
And waiting
To be moved; or for him to be turned round,
—Or not.



How lucky in those moments
(When one's Self is a shivering and
rather dazed
Beggar crouching on the steps of Time)
That appearances are so cleverly deceiving.
How lucky that clothes, cosmetics
and conventions
"Seem" so well. Between them Worth, Guerlain
And Elizabeth Arden can convince
anyone passing by,
That I am a *femme-du-monde*
Resting on a bench in the *Tuileries*.

Will he turn round?
Shall I get up—and go to him?
—Or not?
I should like the Past
To turn round and come,
and take me in its arms.
I should like
To go—without meaning to
But easily, as in a dream

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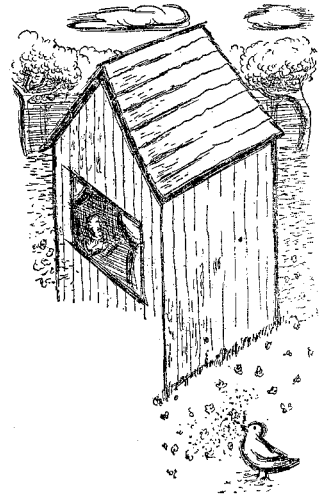
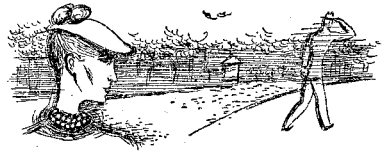
And look into the face of ten-years-ago,
Look into the charming golden eyes of
the Past
And, inconsequently and without passion,
Kiss its amused and lotus-tasting mouth.



He lights a cigarette
Jerking his neck down towards the lighter.
The sky is exactly the same blue-satin
Every Spring;
And so is "*Polichinelle*"; and so are those violets
And—if Polichinelle and Parma Violets
can be relied upon to return
Then why not Love?
And I have only to get up . . .
Now, slowly; and to go to him;
And when I get there,—put my hand
On his arm and say, as casually as
possible,
That "it seemed a pity
On such a heavenly morning not to take
a stroll in the Past,—
—Instead of going to the Ritz Bar."



Why hesitate? Why stop, like this,
Half way?
(He is going . . .
I *mustn't*—hesitate.)

A Gendarme with an Angel's face asks:
"What are you looking for *Madame?*"
"Oh Monsieur,—*please* stop that young man over there,
The young man—with the grey overcoat—"
"—I regret . . . Madame . . .
But I cannot.
Madame must comprehend
That we have no rights over the Past!
It is hardly five minutes, Madame, since
the Emperor

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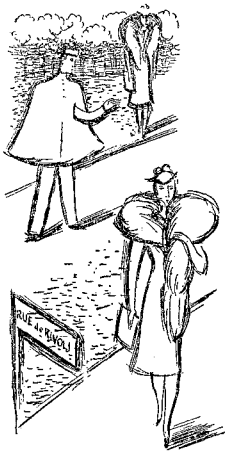
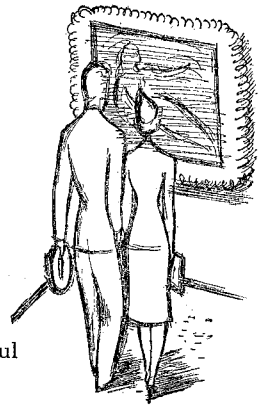
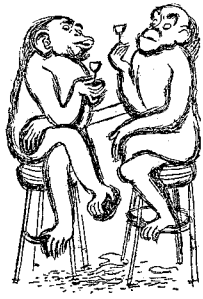


Asked me to arrest Josephine for him
And,—*enfin*, Madame must comprehend
That if we were to help every pretty woman
To find her First Love . . ."
"Thank you" (He's over there—among
the trees now—)
"—but if Madame will traverse
The Rue de Rivoli she will find herself
In the Present."
(He's gone. Towards the Louvre
—If I followed . . .)
"Madame will do well to cross the Rue
de Rivoli
Into the Present . . ."



"But I might still find him
Waiting for me—We used to go to
the Louvre
And stand close, arm in arm, too en-
chanted really
And dazed with love,
To appreciate the
Pictures that the centuries
Had made, only for us.
He is, perhaps, waiting for me
Below the Victory of Samothrace!"
"Madame—the Victory, although beautiful
Lacks a head—"



Darling . . .
How was the Ritz Bar?
And how were they—the monkeys?
Were their hands very deft and
predatory
And their behinds very brilliant?
And the sweet amoeba, opalescent
and lackadaisical,
How were they?
I seem, you say, a little maudlin
But yes—I *did* go to the Tuileries!

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And saw the children,—and the ghosts too.
I saw the ghost of another Spring
That began, just as
This summer is beginning,
By being quite unutterably lovely—
Thank you—for understanding.
(You *are* very sweet and understanding
As well as so amusing and well-manicured)
And you are quite right;
There is *no* use in standing here
And blowing one's nose—
In the *Rue des Pyramides!*
And—indeed it *would* be a good idea
To go to the Crillon Bar
For I could do with
Some sort of a drink—

—SYLVIA THOMPSON

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GET A NEW KICK FROM MUSIC

ALL YOU NEED IS THE RIGHT RECORDING TO BLOSSOM AS AN OPERA STAR OR CONDUCTOR

IT HAS often been written that we are a nation of passive, rather than active, music-lovers. We go to concerts frequently; we read books and articles on music; we listen to the serious-music broadcasts over the radio; and we buy expensive libraries of recorded music. But few of us make music ourselves. We are, therefore, denied the greatest pleasure that art can offer us.

But now it is possible for many of us to derive the actual thrill of participation in musical performances. We can now get a greater kick out of music than ever before. Those who like to sing arias, on key or off, can now do so to the accompaniment of a great symphony orchestra, a chorus, and even in company with other singers who are experienced professional musicians. Those who have studied a bit on the violin or violoncello, and manage to grope on the fingerboard beyond the third position, can now actually join in the performance of great string quartets by Haydn and Mozart.

Recorded music is now opening completely new and unexplored avenues for music-lovers, avenues of self-expression open formerly only to the professional artist and closed completely to the blundering layman.

The first experiment to convert music-lovers into musical performers, took place about a year ago when a European company issued an album of records containing *only* orchestral accompaniments of six great tenor arias from Italian operas. Actually, the original purpose of this album was to meet the need of students and professional singers to practice these arias at home. But musical amateurs soon learned that they also could use this album with a great deal of personal satisfaction. They found that if singing was fun, singing the great arias to the actual accompaniment of a great orchestra was a genuine thrill. You don't need a great voice to have a good time. You put the record on your machine, get the key of the aria from the introductory bars of the orchestral accompaniment, and then you sing out your beloved music to your heart's content. You can sing the *Vivo il vino* aria from *Cavalleria Rusticana* with an orchestra and chorus

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helping you, just as if you were the featured tenor at the Metropolitan Opera House.

This album has enjoyed such an unprecedented success in this country (it is being marketed at the Gramophone Shop in New York) that a second album has just been recorded, and will soon be issued, containing not only the accompaniments of other famous tenor arias, but also one or two duets and trios, with the tenor part omitted. It won't be long now before a similar album will be launched for sopranos.

But this is only a beginning. A London recording company is amplifying on the idea of making performers of musical amateurs. This company is issuing four great string quartets by Haydn and Mozart in two different recorded versions. One version will omit the first violin part; a second version will omit the violoncello. Each album will contain the printed music of the omitted instrument. Thus anyone who has had a few months' lessons on either instrument can try his hand at playing chamber music. Competent and experienced musicians will be playing the three other parts.

Or do you want to try conducting a full symphony orchestra?

Some of the American phonograph companies are contemplating the inclusion, in each album of a recorded symphony, of a small orchestral score of the music. This experiment was tried a few months back by the Columbia Phonograph Company. The innovation was so well-received that an effort will soon be made to follow out this idea more extensively. In any case, it is not difficult to buy a cheap pocket score of your favorite symphony. Listen to the recording of the symphony carefully and follow the music with score in hand. A score is easy to follow if you have had a year of music lessons on any instrument. It seems a formidable undertaking at first, but you will suddenly find the complicated page becoming understandable and lucid. The principal theme will stand out on each page as if it were underlined. And the many intertwining motives will assume before your eyes a clear pattern.

Then when you feel that you know the symphony well—then you can try directing an imaginary orchestra. It is no mere child's play, by any means. You must try to give the proper cues to the orchestra; you must try to conform the beating of your time with the designations in the score, making each change of time instantaneously and efficiently. You must hear in your mind's eye the many sections of the orchestra at one time and be able to give your instructions smoothly with baton and your left hand. When you have directed an entire movement, conscious of every important effect in the music, and without faltering in your instructions, you will experience as much exhilaration as the professional conductor who stands before three thousand people.

—David Ewen

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A NOTE ON HAYDN

THE FATHER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, HIS WORKS DESERVE A FAR BETTER ACQUAINTANCE

THE 27th of March, 1808, was eventful in Vienna. At the portal of the University, princes mingled with mere music-makers, lace shawls and diamonds rubbed against homespun, and *grande dames* shivered in the cold. They were awaiting the arrival of Franz Josef Haydn. Now shriveled and bent, the trembling old man was driven up in Prince Esterhazy's carriage and carried into the great hall. Drums rolled. Trumpets blared. The assemblage stood to welcome the creator of *The Creation*. Prince Lobkowitz, Salieri, and Beethoven came forward to kiss his hand.

Heavy furs were wrapped around his feet, and his oratorio began. When that magnificent passage *And There Was Light* was reached, the audience burst into applause. Haydn, in tears, clung to his friend's arm and shook his head, "No! Not I! But One up there did that!"

The strain was too much and before the end he had to leave. At the door he asked the attendants to pause and turn him toward the orchestra. Solemnly but without affectation he lifted his hand in blessing before being carried into the night....

It was the blessing of a simple, conscientious, devout, unsophisticated man . . . a man who had known life but who had not been embittered or conquered by it. A happy-go-lucky and playful child, a poverty-stricken youth, an ill-mated and long-suffering husband, he was at the same time one musical explorer who realized his ideals. He might say with truth: "I have only now in my old age learned how to use wind instruments and now that I understand them I must leave the world." But he had made a unique contribution: he took the popular songs and dances of his time, built their halting and fragmentary accents into a structure of larger proportions—a structure that was unified and well-balanced, capable of framing co-ordinated and contrasting moods. Haydn's works, as Goethe said, "constitute an ideal language for truth; their parts cohere with vital necessity."

Haydn set the pattern for the symphony and the string quartet, musical edifices in which later, prouder, and perhaps greater, spirits were to find

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release for their unbounded genius.

The boy, whose position in the history of instrumental music is second to none, was born on April Fool's Day, 1732, the second of twelve children of a Croatian wagon-mechanic and the cook of the village baron. Neither parent was literate, but each had talent for making a happy home life. Evenings Herr Haydn gathered his family around the fire and accompanied their singing on the harp which he played by ear. Five-year-old Josef blithely sawed away on two sticks in mimic violin accompaniment.

This healthy home scene was broken up when, at six, Haydn was sent off to a near-by town to learn the rudiments of harmony. Johannes Frankh, his first master, was an efficient scoundrel. Haydn later thanked him for his severity, but it was little fun while it lasted. Frankh gave him floggings instead of food and taught him in odd moments when he was not engaged in crap games with loaded dice. Nor did Frankh's wife suffer from a mother-complex. She shaved the boy's head and stuck on a wig to save the trouble of shampooing. Dirt didn't bother her, though it embarrassed the youngster.

Young Haydn learned to play the violin and harpsichord, acquired an independence and notion of self-care along with a style of singing which spread his reputation throughout the canton.

He was given a place in the choir of St. Stephan's Cathedral, Vienna. The most momentous events of his early life here in the city of his dreams centered around two spankings. When the choir-boys had an afternoon off, young Josef led them to a near-by palace of Empress Maria Theresa, where they proceeded to climb over the surrounding scaffolding. While he was balancing himself in mid-air, the Empress chanced to see him from her windows and had him whipped. Another time, he tried a new pair of scissors on the pigtail of a chorister and was ordered to be whipped. This one he refused to take and, as a consequence, was dismissed.

Change of voice had already made him sound like a crow, and he found himself outside the Church with an empty purse, a well-developed appetite, and no friends. He tried one job after another in the manner of an industrious 1939 collegian. He wrote music for a street-corner band. He serenaded under windows with a fiddle. He played at weddings, baptisms and funerals. He gave lessons to the more enterprising gentry. He hired himself out as an organist. He even blackened boots and trimmed the wig of the Italian singing master, Porpora . . . anything to get money to patch the roof on his attic room and keep the snow and rain off his bed.

At 28 he felt he must marry. But the girl he had been counting on took the veil. Her father would not let him go empty-handed, he insisted that her elder sister, Anna Maria, was as industrious if not as beautiful. In a

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moment of misplaced generosity, Haydn gave in, and life with Anna Maria became a hell on earth. She proved to be a European forestudy of Scarlett O'Hara. She used his manuscript scores for curling papers and as underlays for the pastry. She didn't care whether he composed or cobbled as long as he brought her weekly pay. They separated and their correspondence for years consisted of checks and money orders.

Haydn's extra-marital escapades have escaped the gossips. He adored beautiful women, all the more because they were not attracted by his looks. Short, dark-skinned, with massive jaw and hanging underlip, his face was pockmarked and his nose distorted by a polyp. But his eyes were sparkling, grey, and benevolent. "Any one can see by the look of me," he said with justice, "that I am a good-natured sort of fellow."

His diary reveals him as thrifty, practical, even shrewd. He was prosaic, matter-of-fact, interested in details. During his visit to England, he put down every purchase, such as, *6 Schiots*, *12 detto*, which, translated, means: 18 shirts.

He went to see Dr. Herschel's large telescope and put down on his return home: "It is forty feet long and five feet in diameter."

Such was the mentality of the man whose studied moderation, whose logic and lucidity, created upwards of 100 symphonies. To get the most out of his day, he rose always at sunrise and got fully dressed, powdered wig, knee-breeches, white stockings, and all, before sitting down to work. Mornings he sketched ideas roughly; afternoons he elaborated meticulously, making notes with tiny heads and tails, which he called flies' legs. The evening he passed with friends.

Thirty years he spent in the Esterhazy uniform, turned out *pièces d'occasion*, arbitrated among the musicians, conducted the orchestra, took charge of instruments, instructed the vocalists, made jokes for himself and his employer. He fabricated a *Toy Symphony*, using rattles, cuckoos and tin trumpets. He wrote a *Farewell Symphony* as a hint to his prince to let the musicians have a vacation. During the performance, one after another of the players stopped playing and blew out his candle until only two were left. The Prince gave in.

The Symphony with the Drumbeat, written for the famous Salomon concerts in London, during which Haydn played the drum, became known as the "*Surprise*" *Symphony*, when he said: "That loud beat will surprise the sleeping ladies."

Haydn's life, notwithstanding the poverty and insults he suffered in early life, was an easy one. For the greater part of his days, he had regular pay and security, the company of fellow professionals, and an appreciative boss. In his formative years, he was cut off from the world and, as he said, was forced to become original. In late life he was privileged to know

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the Austrian spirit at its richest and grandest and to capture the luster and charm of the inimitable 18th century *Kaiserstadt* that was and will never be again.

At home he was universally loved and respected. Posterity remembers that he was the first to discover and perhaps the only contemporary fully to appreciate the genius of Mozart. He heard the 22-year-old Beethoven and offered him a job as his valet-pupil. Imagine what kind of servant Beethoven would have made.

His declining years were tragic. His mental furniture went to Heaven a little before him. He became deaf, forgetful, morose. Vienna was bombarded by the French: hope crashed within and without. He was no politician, but he loved his country. His last act was to call his servants together and play three times the *Emperor's Hymn*.

Two days after his burial, his skull was stolen by a fanatic skull-collector, and was not returned until generations later. Like his bones, his music was scattered and the *Attempt of a Complete Catalogue of Josef Haydn's Published Works*, started 150 years ago, is yet to be completed. The resurrection and authentication of his complete works is certainly one of the outstanding tasks confronting musicologists. A better acquaintance with his music behooves most of us. We know that Mozart's playful nickname, "Papa" Haydn, also states the fact that he is the father of instrumental music. We know that his music is clean, clear, straightforward, comfortable, even. But what is its essence? What, for instance, has he said in the descriptive pictures of his *Creation?*

If we would know, we must take ourselves back to that earlier time when life was simpler, quieter, more contemplative . . . when men knew the value of a pause . . . and of laughter. Then we can converse with this man. yes, "parlor-peasant," who, Mozart claimed, "can amuse and shock, arouse laughter and deep emotion as no one else can do. . . ."

—CARLETON SMITH

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 43-45

1. A	11. A	21. C	31. A	41. B
2. C	12. A	22. B	32. A	42. C
3. A	13. A	23. A	33. C	43. C
4. B	14. A	24. B	34. B	44. B
5. C	15. A	25. C	35. A	45. B
6. A	16. B	26. C	36. C	46. B
7. A	17. A	27. C	37. B	47. A
8. A	18. B	28. C	38. C	48. B
9. C	19. B	29. A	39. B	49. B
10. A	20. B	30. B	40. C	50. C

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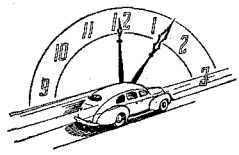
SAFE DRIVING AT HOME

AN ANALYSIS THAT GOES BACK TO FIRST CAUSES TO FIX THE BLAME FOR AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENTS



MUCH has been said about the perils of driving an automobile. Indeed, in the light of the destruction of life entailed, too much can hardly be said, nor can the man behind the wheel consider it too carefully.

Research and statistics have shown —as anyone would reasonably suspect —that accidents cannot be attributed to any one single cause. But there can be no doubt that excessive speed is one of the most important causes of accidents. But causes in turn give rise to other causes, and I think that too few people have stopped to ask themselves this question: What causes excessive speed?

There are occasions when a little attention to this problem of cause and effect amounts to good common sense, and many of these occasions arise when you are driving an automobile. You are, I maintain, giving the subject too little attention if you fail to admit that the other evening, when you were doing fifty-five on a slippery road, it was because you were already late for dinner at the Joneses. Stepping on the gas, of course, was a cause of your car going that fast, but it was only one of a countless number of causes. Another one—and a very important one—was the fact that you left your house fifteen minutes later than you should have to get to the Joneses on time. And that in turn, perhaps, was because you were reading the evening paper when you should have been getting dressed. And so you were guilty of reckless driving in your own home.

When we have an appointment these days we usually arrive at our destination far more quickly than our grandfathers did. More quickly, yes, but do we arrive more *promptly?* I would be willing to make a reasonable wager that more people today are late for engagements than ever were in those old times of the horse and buggy.

Folks in those days left at six o'clock in order to get to Westvale, ten miles distant, at seven—and they got there at seven. Today too many of us leave at ten minutes of seven and arrive at quarter past—if at all.

No one likes to be late. That's human nature, and often unhappily for us, it is human nature for us to try to prevent it by giving the old bus the

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gun—which is doing it the hard way and the dangerous way. The easier and the safer way is to give more thought to safe driving in the home.

There are common sense rules and useful habits that can be cultivated. In the first place, make it a practice to know how far you intend to drive. Ask yourself whether driving conditions are good. Then figure the highest speed you can expect to average with reasonable safety, and you now know what time you must get in your car. Trite? Platitudinous? Kindergarten stuff? Perhaps, but it pays.

Leaving on time will be a contributing factor toward more careful driving, but we still have other causes to consider—the causes that enable us to do so. This seems to be difficult for all of us, not merely the feminine sex alone, as we males are too apt to assume. It calls for conscious thought and effort. You should know how long it takes you to dress—how much longer if a pre-dinner shave and a studded shirt front are indicated. Will you have time to hear that half-hour radio program before you leave? If not—allowing for human frailty—wouldn't it be wiser not to tune in at all, knowing how hard it will be for you to tear yourself away if the program should happen to get interesting?

And then there is that matter of the wife or the young lady you are planning to call for en route. If she is chronically incapable of being ready within half an hour for all scheduled appointments, there is only one thing to do—lie to her. Lie like a trooper. If you want her to be ready at seven, tell her you plan to start promptly at six-thirty. Hurry yourself and your traveling companions in your home, and you will have to hurry less on the road where hurrying incurs the heaviest penalties.

To punctual people all this—and countless other details which go to make up punctuality—may come as second nature. To the other type, the dawdlers who have caused and will cause so many automobile accidents, this is not so easy as it sounds. There are some persons capable of assimilating the Einstein theory and yet unable to realize that if it takes them fifteen minutes to dress, they can't be on the road at eight o'clock if they start dressing at five minutes of eight. To such as these, then, I recommend a thorough course in the timing of their daily habits and a more pessimistic attitude. Experience has shown me that getting ready to go places usually takes longer than one thinks it will.

This is no cure-all. Let me repeat that there are many causes of automobile accidents. Punctual departure won't reduce accidents to an infinitesimal fraction, but it will reduce them, and any reduction in the present ghastly toll is just that much gained.

On many a tombstone in many a cemetery could the epitaph truthfully be inscribed: "Killed on the Post Road Because He Didn't Start Shaving in Time." —TRACY PERKINS

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ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 47-52

1—Though showing less technical skill, B is superior to A, both functionally and esthetically. The handle of A cannot be held conveniently, the saucer is so shaped that a spoon will not rest on it securely, and the landscape painted on the cup tends to destroy the effect of the shape, cutting it into halves.

2—Neither A nor B rates high in design, but A is preferred by virtue of its simplicity. B suffers especially from its elaborate floral decorations—motifs having no relation to the shape decorated.

3—Here the margin of superiority is a small one and the preference might be argued both ways. To some the shape of A will seem at least as pleasing as that of B, but the design of A detracts from its effectiveness and the preference is given to B.

4—Although from a strictly academic standpoint B would be considered superior, A is preferred because it represents its idea in a more powerful and original way. It is a strong expression of the artist himself, whereas B is an uninspired copy from nature.

5—Neither of these pitchers would rate high in modern design, but A is clearly superior. Its harmonious curves are brought out by the lines on the white porcelain, while B looks as if it had a sore throat and is seriously over-ornamented.

6—Here B, a beautiful example of symmetrical balance, is obviously better than A. The latter betrays an attempt to push technique too far—to do stunts with glass. It is unbalanced and over-elaborated.

7—Not only is B a better design than A but, from a functional standpoint, makes a much better vase. A has holes pierced in the sides and liquids would spill if too much were put in or if the vase were moved suddenly.

8—Of these fabric designs, B is the more harmonious. A is confused, showing lack of harmony between the straight and curved lines and in the combination of large and small motifs.

9—In this pair B is preferable to A, which is an interesting technical achievement but functionally bad. The square shape makes it difficult to hold, while if one attempts to hold it by the stem the ornaments prevent a firm grasp.

10—This is an easy selection, though A is by no means perfect. However, B's ordinary shape and overuse of decoration rule it out.

11—There is not a great deal of choice between these, but A is preferred. The long, heavy neck of B in relation to its body impairs the design, whereas the neck of A grows more logically out of the body.

12—Though B takes no prize it is clearly preferable to A. The latter looks almost too heavy to lift and its decorations are far too flamboyant.

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THE LAUGH THAT THREATENS

SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMOR LIES BEHIND THE JOKES NOW GOING THE ROUNDS IN NAZI GERMANY

LAUGHTER, that dark, mysterious force, is often most revealing and the herald of serious coming events. That genial ripple seems to provide a safety valve for pent-up emotions. After long serious strains the human organism seems to thirst for laughter. It seems as necessary as vitamins for the balanced machine. But when a whole nation begins to laugh, then it is a symptom of something socially serious.

It indicates a slipping of public confidence, an indifference that spells disorder. It resembles a flowing quicksand under the pillars of society. This is the first symptom of coming revolt. And this is actually what is going on beneath the surface of the whole of Germany today.

It is only a laugh.

It is light. It is airy. It is a relief from the pressure of existence. But behind these juicy bits of wit something more serious is hidden.

For the past few years Germany, right or wrong, has been fighting desperately for a position in the world. With grim determination she has undertaken new social experiments, new adventures in economics and government. The strain has been long, serious and the compounding of regulations has gone to extremes. Laughter breaks out.

Many of the jokes that are at present circulating the land of Hitleria cannot be told quite openly. They are whispered among friends. But the traffic is great and much whispering is going on. Many people want to laugh. It seems a necessary release.

Moreover, this riptide of humor is none the less ominous for being circulated behind closed doors, in whispered tones. On the contrary, it is the very element of repression which, among other things, makes it so different from normal, free-voiced laughter. The spontaneous laugh fades off into a chuckle, leaving behind nothing more than a momentary sense of amusement. The forbidden laugh turns inward, coloring the viewpoint of those who must smuggle their humor in defiance of the state.

Behind this challenge one can notice a nervous twitch, a convulsion and a hideous grimace on the face of society. How long this social muscular spasm

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will take to break out into the open is difficult to tell. But this same kind of simple facial twitch preceded the French and the Russian Revolutions. It made itself evident in Spain and in Mexico just before these lands went into upheaval. Is Germany now in danger? Judge for yourself. Nothing is more revealing than humor.

The German public knows very well that Hermann Goering is very conceited, loves pomp, adores gold braid and medals on his many uniforms. He is also fat and quite a few jokes have already been made about the German nation being so lean and Goering so fat. However, in the present stream of humor, Goering is pictured as sitting on top of the Brandenburg Arch driving the great bronze Roman chariot with cracking whip. No one could get him down. Finally his wife, Emmy, comes along and says that there is only one way to get him down. She calls up to him: "Hermann, the tailor is waiting for you." He puts away his whip like a good boy and comes down.

A new joke is now being circulated which alludes to Goering's plumpness. The question is whispered in your ear: "What should a good broiled German goose look like? Brown as Hitler. Fat as Goering. And plucked clean like the Austrians."

In Austria the feeling is quite bitter. And jokes about the recent annexation are numerous. One of them, typical of the feeling that is prevalent, goes like this: A German boards a streetcar in Vienna. He gives the conductor a five mark note.

"I don't have change," says the conductor.

"I have no smaller money."

"Well then, it's all right. You can ride for nothing."

The German is naturally surprised at the breach of regulations and exclaims: "You Austrians have always been lax and indifferent."

"True, my friend. But now that you have swallowed us you will have to digest us."

Goering is made the butt of a few domestic jokes. Before the baby arrived in his family there was much talk about the proper name for the child. It was decided to call it Hamlet. Why Hamlet? The answer is: *Sein oder nicht Sein*, which really is "To be or not to be," but in German could be translated "His or not his."

Do the people of Germany think very much of their alliance and friendship with Italy? Evidently many are skeptical, otherwise the following two jokes would not have such great circulation. The first has Hitler questioning Mussolini as to what aid he would give if Germany were attacked by outside powers. Hitler wanted to know exactly what message Mussolini would telegraph. Mussolini told Hitler not to worry, that he would say the right thing, but Hitler persisted in knowing at once the contents of the telegram. Mussolini said he would telegraph "Benito" (bin-nit-do), pronounced *bin nicht da*, meaning "am not here."

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In the second, the German public reminds itself that Italy in spite of alliances turned against Germany in 1914. The question is asked: "Do you know where Mussolini lived when he was in Berlin? In the Bleibtreustrasse 1914-1918" (Remain Loyal Street 1914-1918).

The Nazi party is of course the main butt of this social twitch that is now evident throughout Hitleria. A short time ago the party opened its doors for a few more "élite members." Signs were posted which read: *Wir rufen die Letzten,* (We call the last ones). But a pun was made of the word *rufen* and it was in public often pronounced *rupfen* which changed the line to mean: "We pluck the last ones."

Also in connection with the party doors being opened, the following is current: "The party doors are now open," says one. "Thank God!" the other replies. "Let's get out."

The vanity and conceit of Goering is again given circulation in the following. One day Hermann Goering went hunting in the Toutoburger forest. After a while he and his party came upon the Hermannsdenkmal monument (a statue built for the national hero Hermann who fought the Romans in this forest in 9 A.D.). Goering said: "It was really unnecessary to have that statue built here especially for me."

There is also current a joke about a proposed new inscription on the new Opera House. "One leader, one people, one theatre (political spectacle)."

Schacht, the German wizard of financial manipulation who has invented all kinds of paper currency to substitute for money, is also at present included in the humor of Germany. But in the new humor he is treated quite respectfully for there are many today who look upon Schacht as the one who will be called upon when the inevitable crack-up takes place. Goebbels, that loud-mouthed fire-eating leader of propaganda, does not come off quite so well. He seems to be very much disliked. A joke involving Schacht, Goebbels and Goering is going the rounds. It runs as follows: Hitler is much concerned about reports coming to him that Goering, Goebbels and Schacht have been seen late at night in Berlin night clubs. But Hitler's secretary quiets him by saying that all were incognito and could not possibly be recognized for Goering wore civilian clothes, Goebbels kept his mouth shut and Schacht paid the bill in cash.

Of course a whole new series of jokes has been built about the Aryan grandmother requirement. A certified record of his family tree is needed before a German can enter the party, hold public office or in fact even get a job anywhere. Many were required to write to their home town church for a "grandmother" certificate. Here are extracts from some of the letters received by one church. These lines are typewritten and have been recently circulated among university students:

Perhaps you can help me find my

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grandmother, whom I have lost entirely.

I have run myself to death trying to find my grandfather. Since he was 50 to 65 years old, his birth must have taken place from 1815 to 1830.

My ancestors were born in many sections or parts of Germany as government officials.

I can not give you more detailed information, since my father is dead at the moment.

Please send an Aryan paragraph about my grandmother.

I am taking the liberty of asking you whether my grandmother has turned up there.

I need my Aryan descent (family tree) very badly.

I am writing you today about a situation which is none of your business. I need my Aryan grandmother, but officially it hasn't been asked for (required).

I can not give you any closer information, since my mother died in 1871 and left me behind as the only legacy.

I beg you to give me information whether my dead grandfather appears in your death register. He died from 1821 to 1850.

My birth took place in your church. Will you please certify this.

Please send me my grandmother. She passed away in 1871.

★ ★ ★

Still another type of humor is going the rounds and this is the "boner." Here are some composition gems culled from the last government essay contest. Because of the strain and inner secret feelings, the "boners" in Hitleria are a little more political than those in other lands. They are also more revealing and help support the conviction that a kind of humor shows the presence of a smoldering flame which may break out any day. These "gems" are also typewritten on thin paper, folded up small and passed around among friends:

If the hereditary health laws hadn't come into existence, we would all be idiots today.

We thank and are indebted to A. Hitler for our entire healthy future generation.

The minister of agriculture called the peasant leaders in, because the pigs eat too much.

From the building of the government highways the worker receives bread and thus can multiply. Through this the official also receives something to do.

In the Red Cross men and women work for love; some do it for nothing, but many are paid for their services.

Marriage (wedlock) is not a secret any more. It takes place before the public and is a service to the nation.

At the time of the mobilization men and women multiplied visibly.

These are samples of the type of thing that is now gaining currency in Germany. Are they a symptom of something very serious, a painful grimace on the face of society, or are they only "a little fun among the boys" type of humor? Time will decide.

—Manuel Komroff

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WHO CALLED THEM COMIC?

THE ART OF INSULT LOST ITS STRONGEST ALLY WHEN THE VITUPERATIVE VALENTINE WENT OUT

THEY say George Cruikshank was the one who started it.

Instead of using his brush to visualize his resentment—and how that man could hate—this time he took up his pen and wrote the first comic valentine.

Miss Harriet Martineau, homely, vigorous, and opinionated, was only beginning to put forth a few early sprigs of the women's rights movement. But scant as they were, mild as their claims, they caught the attention of the irascible George.

And on the 14th of February, he sent her—and also to his admirers so they might enjoy his wit—a bitter, biting valentine:

Come live with me and be my love,
And we to all the world will prove,
That hill and valley, grove and field
Are waste of Nature's store they yield;
While rustic joys and simple swains,
Are nought compared to rich men's gains,
We'll demonstrate to please the tabbies,
That none but boobies will have babbies,
And dose and diet all the nation,
To check their growing population.

How this type of valentine ever was labeled "comic" is difficult to understand. The English who originated it didn't christen it so. Not many had the talent of Cruikshank and to help those who couldn't write their own, small booklets were printed, each with a variety of valentines in this far-from-sweet attitude. Not until such valentines took on a vulgar, vituperative slant were they christened "comic," which is, somehow or other, a rather intriguing side-light on our wish for self-deception.

These quizzical valentine primers found a ready market and an ever-growing demand for more and more pointed verses. Their popularity increased so as to overshadow the more gentle-natured type. Perhaps gallants were getting weary of providing the steady flow of adoration the period demanded of them. For in this first quarter of the 19th century sweetness was an art, modesty a profession and a general cloying coyness the attribute of the perfect lady. No wonder, then, that comic valentines came into their own as the perfect antidote.

With what glee must the noble gentlemen have clipped the following sentiments to be forwarded, anony-

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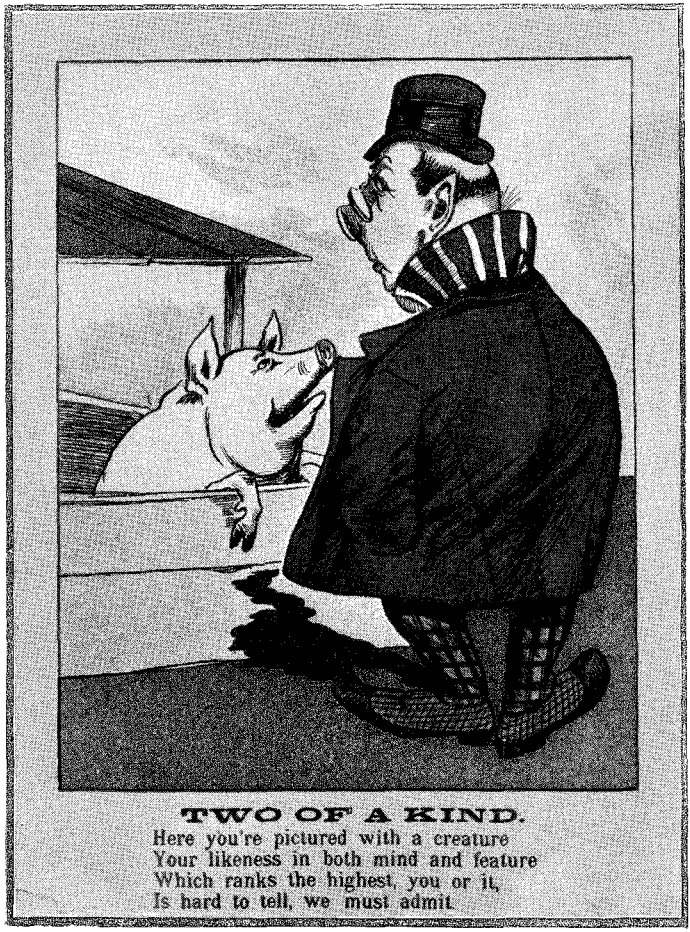

TWO OF A KIND.

Here you're pictured with a creature
Your likeness in both mind and feature
Which ranks the highest, you or it,
Is hard to tell, we must admit

mously, to the object of their dislike:

My dear, your eyes they shine so bright,
They're like dead whitings in the night,
Your arms are brawny, brown and tough,
Your skin, like any hog's back, rough;
Your voice, the screech owl's doth excel;
Your breath, a pole cat's is as well;
Your mouth, a sparrow's is, my dear;
It reaches but from ear to ear;
In you such charges at once combine,
I choose you for my valentine.

In all fairness it must be recorded that the printers of these quizzical valentine primers realized the ladies

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SALESLADY.

You ill-tempered maid, old age is creeping o'er you.
And you ill-treat the folks who come to buy from you
Your restless tongue's abuse is sharper than a burr.
And you're only fit to wait upon some stupid cur.
Nobody will buy from you, and he who's your boss
Should send you off at once, and save a farther loss.

might have something equally caustic to say. And some provided samples for missives to the masculine sex and others, equally helpful, supplied the lady with a nippy retort to the compliments in reverse.

If the indignant lady who received this valentine had the right primer, she could thumb quickly to the back of the book and find a ready-made and pointed answer ready to copy.

It ended with the constructive advice:

Do you then, sir, another find,
A ninnyhammer like yourself.

These ancestors of what we know as

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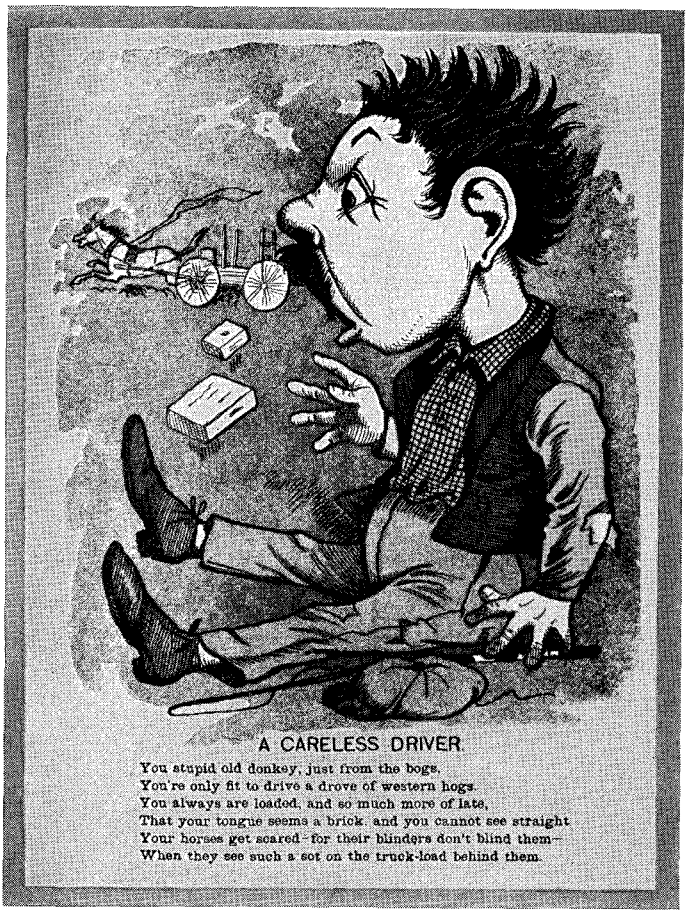
A CARELESS DRIVER
You stupid old donkey, just from the bogs,
You're only fit to drive a drove of western hogs.
You always are loaded, and so much more of late,
That your tongue seems a brick, and you cannot see straight.
Your horses get scared - for their blinders don't blind them—
When they see such a sot on the truck-load behind them.

comics had no illustrations. But so popular did they become in another decade that the printers put them out in sheets, each valentine with an appropriate sketch to visualize the insult it carried. Boys hawking them on the streets never had more successful wares.

These illustrations were actually not altogether the innovation at first thought. For they are obviously the offspring of the caricature. And England's best artists had for centuries been using their talents to mock and make fun of their contemporaries.

Only up to the 19th century the caricature had generalized. It lam-

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COACHMAN.
With an arrogant air,
And a cockneyfied stare
You sit on your box, you ridiculous monkey,
But you very well know
That wherever you go,
You're despised as a menial and a flunkey

pooned theology, politics, and as with Cruikshank, heavy drinking. Hogarth had been a forerunner of the new trend in caricature. His *Rake's Progress*, *Marriage à la Mode*, had been pointed at society and its shortcomings. But with the comic valentine and their caricatured heads, this art took on more of a personal touch.

In the beginning the valentine was in the luxury class. But its popularity spread to every layer of society and several London firms were soon turning them out by the gross, their subjects no longer fragile ladies and pompous gentlemen, but such plebeian

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AN ANIMATED TAILOR'S DUMMY.
They say you once were a tailor's dummy,
But to life have been brought by magic art;
And I have no doubt it's a truthful story,
So well do you look and act the part.

creatures as barmaids, sailors, chimney sweeps and workers in various trades.

At this time we were importing our mock valentines from London. But they did not go over here so well. Our manufacturers sensed the trouble. What this country needed was the home-grown variety. Valentines built on an American slant would have the proper appeal.

They did. And the great American comic saw the light shortly before the Civil War.

Since there were more tradespeople, and members of the working class, these groups, instead of wealthier sec-

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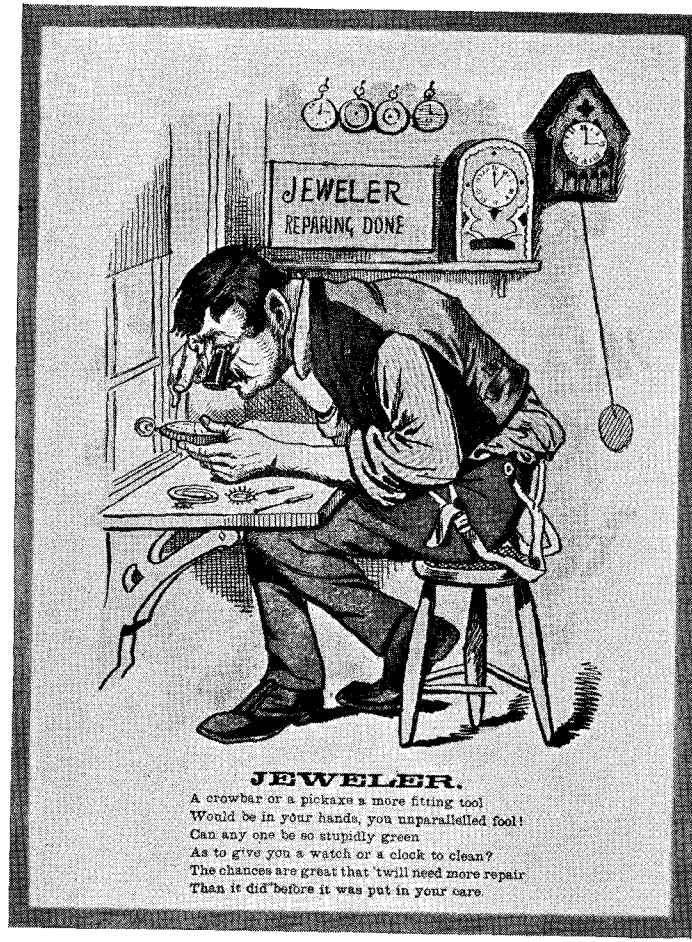
JEWELER
REPAIRING DONE
JEWELER.
A crowbar or a pickaxe a more fitting tool
Would be in your hands, you unparalleled fool!
Can any one be so stupidly green
As to give you a watch or a clock to clean?
The chances are great that 'twill need more repair
Than it did before it was put in your care.

tions, seemed the largest market.

These new comics of policemen, butchers, bakers, seamstresses, horse-car drivers, touched the right spot. Here was the happiest—and safest—way of telling an enemy where, in words of modern slang, he got off!

Somehow the old spirit is dead. The comic valentine is less vulgar, more kindly. Only a gentle jeer, a tender ribbing, is popular now.

We have become a little less lusty, more gentle. We cannot hate as we once did. —ZETA ROTHSCHILD

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THE IRISH GAVE US A WORD

THE ORIGIN OF "LYNCH" GOES BACK BEYOND THE ENCYCLOPEDIA TO A TALE OF TRAGIC JEALOUSY

THE custom of lynching pre-dates the invention of rope. It probably goes back to the Neanderthal discovery that strips of skin would serve to strangle a man.

Yet American encyclopedias trace the origin of the word "lynch" back only to Revolutionary days in the United States, when in 1780 one patriotic Justice Charles Lynch of Lynchburg, Virginia, sitting in extra-legal court, high-handedly and with undue haste tried and condemned Tory conspirators who were caught hatching a Royalist plot against the just born Republic.

British encyclopedias admit the word "lynch" is "probably of Irish origin," but do not expatiate.

Mr. Hugh Lynch, a 76-year-old Irish linen draper in a Memphis department store, says the British are right. He is no learned philologist or etymologist, but he should know what he is talking about, for, according to his family's history and Irish legend, his ancestor was the original Judge Lynch who, more than four hundred years ago, presented the verb, to lynch, to the English language.

Lynches have been mayors of Galway in County Roscommon, Eire, since there have been a Galway, a County Roscommon, and an Ireland. Mr. Hugh Lynch's predecessor was no exception, but a noble example of what a Lynch could really do as Mayor of Galway.

This ancient Mayor Lynch of Galway had a son who was blissfully in love with a beautiful Irish girl. All Galway watched the courtship and, when the wedding date was set, prepared for a magnificent celebration.

Then a handsome Spanish cousin came visiting in Galway, met the younger Lynch's fiancee, and stole her heart and affections from his Irish cousin.

The furious young Irishman squared the triangle by taking his foreign kinsman fishing in a sailboat, deliberately drowning him in a cove by the Black Rock.

There were witnesses to the crime. A date was set for a trial instead of a wedding. And the father of the hot-headed youth, as mayor, had to sit as judge at that trial.

The court proved beyond any

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shadow of doubt that the jealous lover had killed his rival, premeditatedly and in cold blood. Mayor Lynch was forced to pronounce the only possible sentence—that his son be hanged by the neck until dead for the murder of his Spanish cousin.

Thereupon, the Galway hangmen went on strike. Not one official executioner in Galway or all County Roscommon could be found who would consent to execute the stern sentence—out of sympathy for the grief-torn father, pity for the crazed lover, or maybe they just didn't like the handsome Spaniard.

In vain did harried Mayor Lynch thunder that the foundations of civilized society were threatened. Painfully, through the ages, he said, men had learned that no man may live entirely apart from his fellow men, that in order to attain the maximum of freedom and security men must band together, covenanting to obey a minimum of fundamental laws, and to punish offenders against these fundamental decencies swiftly and severely.

"Thou shalt not kill" was the first of these laws. God, Himself, had pronounced it.

Yet here was a proven and confessed murderer convicted by due process of the law, and condemned to be hanged by the neck until dead, and no officer of the law would hang him.

Law was not law that was not, and could not be, enforced. And, without the law, civilized societies of men would perish from the earth.

The sympathetic hangmen agreed with everything the old man said, but stood adamant. They would not hang his son.

The tired old mayor saw his duty clearly. The law must be upheld. In Galway, *he* was the guardian of the law.

On the exact morning appointed for his son's execution, servants found the love-stricken boy hanging by a rope from his tall bedpost, as dead as if executed by official hangmen.

Mayor Lynch had taken the law into his own hands, seen that strict justice was meted out to a murderer, even though that murderer happened to be his loved son.

He tied the noose around his son's neck, jerked the rope that hoisted him high on the tall bedpost, and left him to dangle there until he gasped his last breath, thus vindicating the majesty of the law that guards human decencies and makes civilization possible—but doing so illegally, for, by the very law he was defending, only an official hangman might execute criminals condemned to death.

His illegal act to defend the law pitched the word, lynch, straight into the English language, where it must have fulfilled a long-felt need, because it has been firmly embedded there ever since, although there have been countless bitter and heroic struggles to uproot the custom itself from human conduct. —M. WALTHALL JACKSON

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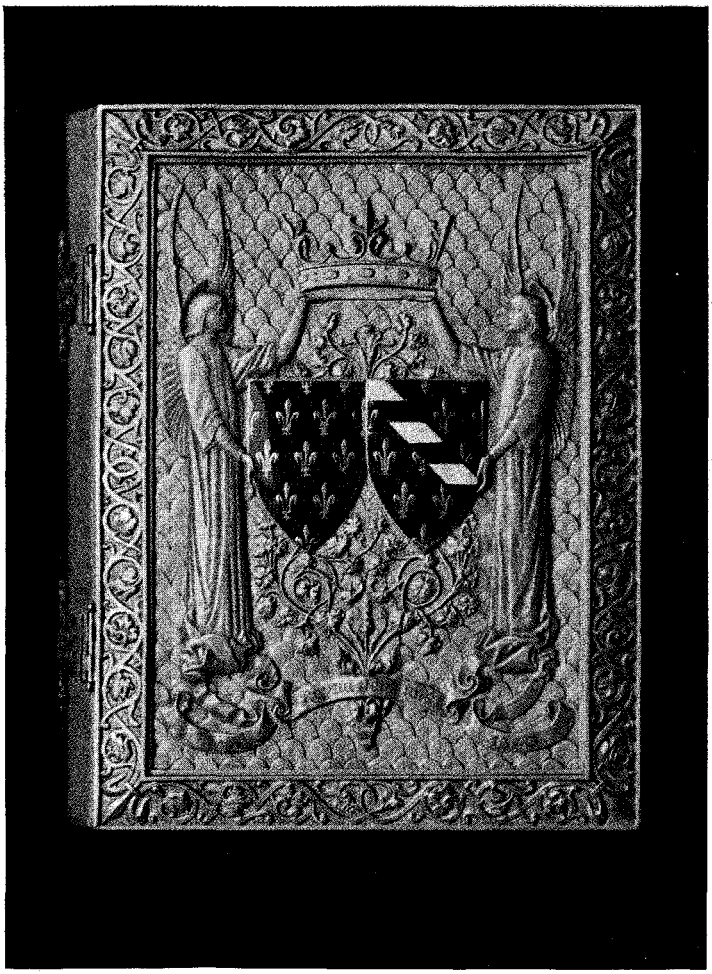

CHANTILLY MUSEUM, FRANCE

RELIGIOUS BOOKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

Among the rarest and most avidly collected literary curiosities are the Breviaries and other service-books of the Middle Ages. Above is shown a 14th century Breviary, made for Jeanne d'Évreux whose marriage to Philip d'Évreux elevated him to the kingship of Navarre.

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EVANGEL OF ST. LUDGER

While most of the illumination of religious texts was done in monasteries, frequently a secular artist was commissioned by some rich patron to decorate the covers of these volumes. The result was always sumptuous but varied in luxury with the amount of the commission.

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PSALTER OF THE 12TH CENTURY

Of all the surviving forms of pictorial art of the Middle Ages, that of book decoration is perhaps the most characteristic. Lavish fancy and inventiveness of design knew no bounds, and the free use of precious stones is typical of the munificent display of the period.

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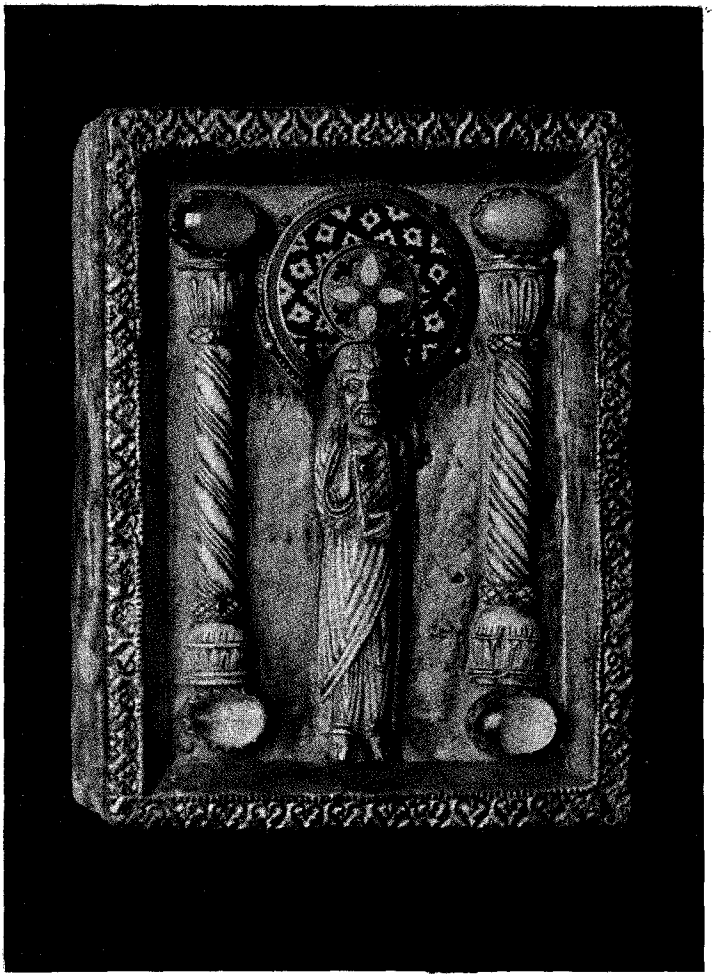

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PSALTER OF THE 11TH CENTURY

The Psalter, a book of psalms, was the favorite medieval gift of a bridegroom to his bride. This example, like most of the religious books that have come down from that period, remains virtually as it left the artist's hands, the colors still vivid, the lines still sharp.

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PORTRAIT OF LEWIS HINE

HIS NAME IS LITTLE KNOWN, BUT HIS PICTURES ARE ETCHED IN THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION

WHILE the little group called "Photo-Secession" was busy proving that a photograph was not a painting, and that true art does something to you "here," a naïve, untaught, determined little man was doggedly photographing the backstage of the American scene.

This was Lewis W. Hine. Hine was a pure "primitive." He said nothing about "art." He guessed at his exposures. Necessity taught him technique. He was stepped over, unnoticed, while the masters wrestled at the rear door of the Metropolitan.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT W. MARKS

Lewis W. Hine

But in his own quiet, incorruptible way he made the most important documentary study of American conditions since the Civil War photographer, Brady.

His biting work will live long after academic fumes have blown away. It is the Goyescas of a growing America.

It seems to be the curious dictum of history that what a man says long outlasts the way he says it. Technique at best is an ephemeral thing; some find it in little bright dots, others in a trowel.

Suppose Hine didn't make the best platinum print in 1905? Suppose Socrates stuttered?

★ ★ ★

Lewis Hine was born in 1874, in Oshkosh. His parents ran a restaurant. No sooner had he put on knee breeches, than his father died. Young Hine went to work.

Fifteen found him drudging away in a furniture factory. Sometimes he worked fifteen hours a day—for a salary that was virtually a favor.

In winter he walked a mile to work,

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ELLIS ISLAND MADONNA

In 1905 Hine did a series of Ellis Island immigrant personalities, of which the above shot is typical. His motive was high-minded enough, for he was trying to find what he called "the beauty" in working class types—"a beauty which is just as real as the seamy side."

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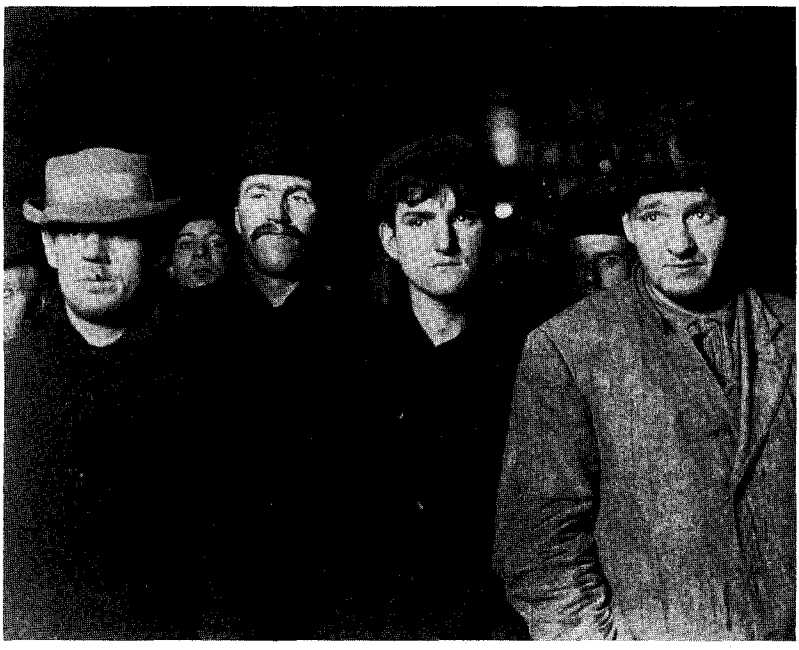

BOWERY MISSION BREAD LINE

There are styles even in derelicts, as this picture eloquently testifies. It is one of Hine's early photographs, dating from 1907 when he was intensely preoccupied with the project of a photographic commentary showing scenes and conditions of men at work . . . and men out of work.

across river ice. He stood freezing in the factory as the wind poured through cracks in the wall.

He carried loads too heavy for his years and deficient diet.

Four dollars a week he was paid, and for that he had to trade his days.

Later, when he took pictures of little girls at the looms, little boys at the coal breakers, he re-lived the grey hours of his own youth.

During the 1890's, Hine's economic life inched ahead. He got odd jobs in stores. He peddled water filters. He got a job in a bank.

After several years in the bank, success overtook him.

He was appointed head sweeper.

At the same time he discovered books, university extension courses. He put in a store of midnight oil and burned it to the wick. He was beginning to look upward.

Art took his fancy; he dabbled at it

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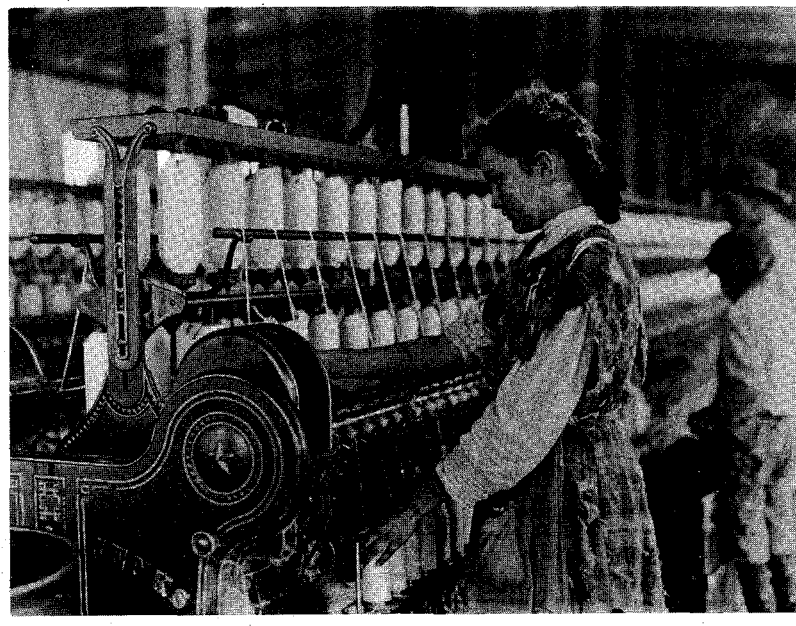

ADOLESCENT SPINNER

In his work during 1908 as investigator for the Nation Child Labor Committee, Hine could almost have doubled as a scout for Ziegfeld. Here, in this shot taken in a Carolina cotton mill, is a striking picture of youth being spun away. It formed part of the "evidence."

in spare moments, secretly planned to become a sculptor.

Then an electric force struck Oshkosh. The State Normal School acquired a new supervisor, Frank A. Manny.

Manny was one of those rare, energizing beings who see gold in every mud bank and raise two trees from every outcast acorn.

He saw things in this oil-burning young bank-sweeper that no one else saw; and he put tools in his hands. There was an opening at the Normal School; Hine was bid.

Scarcely taking time to put down his broom, Hine sacrificed his career in finance. He bartered dollars for daisies and became a nature teacher.

"But then," he said, "I was not exactly a howling success as a banker."

Time passed. Hine got more and more engrossed in teaching. He did special work.

Later, at Manny's suggestion, he went to Chicago in order to take a

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degree at the University there.

Chicago caught up Hine like a match in a whirlpool. The century was turning; new tides of ideas were sweeping away the Victorian dross.

Lincoln Steffens was alive then; and John Dewey was still a social force. It was the era of the "muckrakers." Child labor was walking arm in arm with the church deacons, and the great American fortunes were being planted in the tubercular soil of the slums.

It was an era of oversimplification. People still believed that to correct an abuse it was necessary only to expose it.

In this ferment, Hine's pattern was set. His interest in nature extended to human nature; he turned from social insects to social defects.

He went back to "Oshkosh, b'gosh" a "progressive."

★ ★ ★

In 1901, Manny was called to New York to become director of the Ethical Culture School. With him came Hine, a now social-minded naturalist.

Then the incident:

Manny, one day, had a bright idea. Dramatize the school activities. Be up-to-the-minute—do it in pictures. Hine should get a camera, make flashes, manufacture drama.

"I don't know why it was exactly that he should have picked me," said Hine in all innocence. "I've got to ask him about that next time I see him."

But whatever the reason, Hine it was. And suddenly he found himself with a camera in one hand, a barrel of flash powder in the other, face to face with the world.

"I'd never taken a picture in my life," he said, "much less shot off flash guns. What amazed me was that I didn't blow the town up."

★ ★ ★

During the four years that followed, Hine learned to shoot straight and sharp. He taught himself, by trial and error, to flash accurately. And with this intricate art behind him, he tried simple, everyday, daylight shots.

In the meanwhile his social interests seeped down on his lens. He felt that if he could take pictures at all, he might as well take pictures of the life and people and conditions of his time.

He began at Ellis Island, gateway to the 20th century. Setting up his camera, he proceeded to see and flash and show how working people came into the land of opportunity. He shot Irish and Italian "madonnas," Czechs, Slovaks, and Poles.

He prowled through New York streets, plugged away at pictures of the poor and the sick and the overburdened—shivering newsboys, bearded peddlers, Bowery bread lines.

He met the editor of the *Charities Magazine*, Paul Kellog, and his pictures began running in *Charities*—not as art, but indictment.

He met John Spargo, who was then a mind.

Spargo was a Socialist, in those days, and led a fight for "principles."

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It should be remembered that these were the salad days of social reform, when it was firmly believed that "principles of eternal right" would eventually be piped across the country, like oil. Education was to teach a waiting world that it was good to be good.

It was to be Aladdin's lamp without the rub.

Spargo took Hine by the hand, for sweet education's sake, and led him to the sore spots of Yonkers. It was realized, even then, that Yonkers was a mistake.

Many of Hine's earlier "educational" shots were of the choice misery in this locale.

Then he met Paul Kellog's brother, Arthur—another "progressive." Arthur had a suggestion. "Leave off teaching," he said. "Become a 'social' photographer."

Hine thought it over carefully, then consulted one of the shoguns at Ethical Culture.

The ethical master said: "I'm afraid, Mr. Hine that's not your field. You haven't a sufficiently broad sociological background."

Hine didn't seem to think that you needed to know meteorology to walk through the rain.

He took a long gamble. He resigned from Ethical and started out to picture what he mildly calls "the life of the underprivileged." He staked his eating against his conscience.

In 1908 he plunged into this work whole hog. One of the first jobs, with Paul Kellog, was the so-called Pittsburgh Survey—one of the first sociological studies of the country. With his camera, Hine probed the factories, the mines, the tenements, showed how people ate, slept, worked; how they stretched out their short span and died.

Time passed. He went to Washington and charted the capital slums.

Then he started his historic study for the Child Labor Committee, a study which took him inside every child-employing industry in the country.

The results of this work were published by the National Child Labor Committee; and high were the fevers that followed.

"Can such things be?" was the skeptical cry of the pious; and goodly people began asking if God was in His Heaven full time.

But Hine's pictures were uncompromising. "Brethren," they said, "these are the facts; the camera has no moral bias."

Hine's pictures kept appearing, month after month, burrowing like ticks into the consciousness of the country.

No one thought of Hine. So vital was the shock that the man behind the camera was lost sight of.

★ ★ ★

The years passed; and Hine went steadily about his work, never thinking about himself as an artist, never calling attention to himself as a person, not even aware he was taking great photographs.

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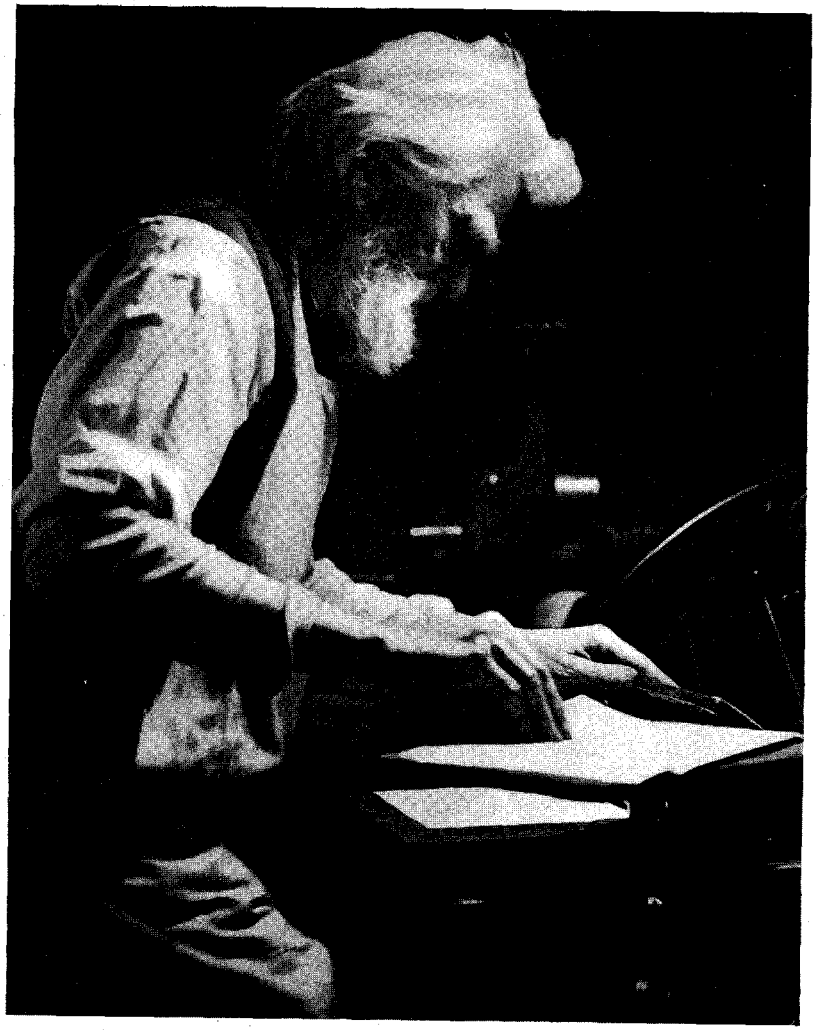

OLD-TIME PRINTER

In his studies of American life and labor, Hine was always fascinated by what he called "characters"—not types but "individual characters." This, in 1905, was one of his first such pictures—a flash. He calls it "Old-time printer . . . also a philosopher, also a musician."

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THIS IS SUCH A FRIENDLY TOWN

Hine would have been half blind, instead of exceptionally alert, had he passed by this bit of poignant drama that he came across on the streets of New York in 1912. Unfortunately not outmoded by anything that has happened since, it still stands as a record without rival.

Soon the War came, and swept him overseas. He covered the Continent with the Red Cross, propagandizing in pictures. When the Armistice was signed, he crossed into the Balkans, took pictures of the Red Cross solving the minority problems.

One day, in Paris, a hard, clear thought struck him. Why only "negative" documentation? Why show only desolation and desperation of the working man's life? Exposing the ironies of society, he was neglecting the other side—the health and drive and proud competence of men at work.

He determined to present these "Men at Work" in his own work—"positive documentation."

He came home, in 1920, and tracked down men on the job wherever there were jobs.

He watched the new skyscrapers go up, and rose with them.

He became official photographer for the Empire State Building, haunted every one of its 1248 feet.

Work followed from the large labor

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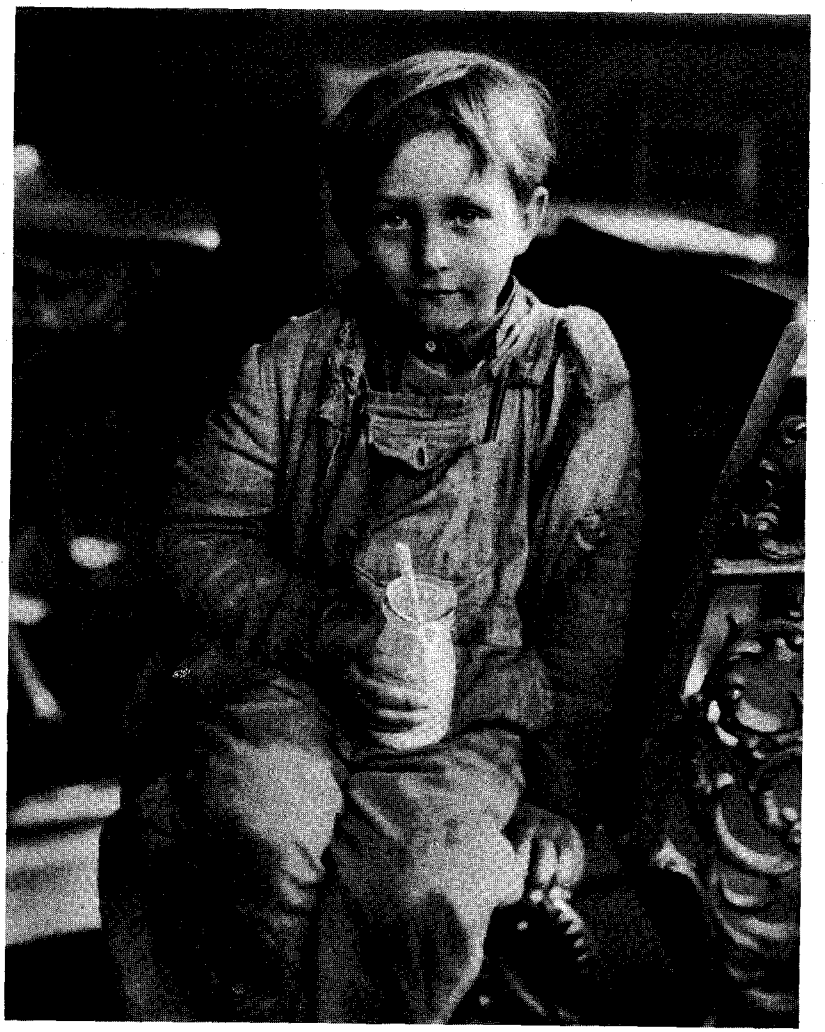

VICTIM OF DROUGHT

A propaganda picture taken for the American Red Cross. The boy is supposed to be drinking charity milk, but he was fonder of milk than propaganda. In every case the milk went down before the camera could be set, and this was the most milk Hine could get in the picture.

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WHAT DOES LIFE HOLD?

This is another "character" study, individual enough and yet something from which one could generalize *ad infinitum*. A portrait of a New York striker in 1915, it says everything that could be summed up on the subject of the futility that is waiting around the corner.

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THE BREAKER BOYS

A classic picture of child labor in the coal mines in 1912. The boys bent over the broken coal, picking out slate, while a boss stood over them like a slave driver, prodding them into obedience. The haze in the background is coal dust—forerunner of lung trouble.

organizations and the corporations—each trying to outdo the other in the "idealization" of the working man.

The picture rounded.

★ ★ ★

Today, at 64, Hine is coming into his own. This is a day of documentation. A day of realism. The past ten years have put huge cracks in the ivory towers, and shaken down the plaster.

Appraising his own work, he has this to say: "There were two things I wanted to do. I wanted to show the things that had to be corrected; I wanted to show the things that had to be appreciated."

Kindly, trustful, wistful, amazingly innocent, his front is a mask for his power. He looks like an unworldly schoolteacher, needing protection from the rigors of the everyday world.

But behind this disarming apparent naïveté is an artistry and directness and determination that has etched the history of an era into the consciousness of the country.

—Robert W. Marks

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A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

JOSEF HOFMANN

THERE is a Josef Hofmann of whom most literate persons have heard: the man who can be called the greatest of living pianists even while Paderewski, Rachmaninoff and others still live; the teacher and composer who recently completed a triumphal world tour celebrating his golden anniversary as a concert musician; the man whose hands have been insured for a king's ransom. But there is another Josef Hofmann who is entirely unknown to those who pay sincere tribute to the musical artist. He is a mechanic—an inventor. He holds patents on an electric clock, an oil burning house heater, a piano tone amplifier, a high-speed piano key for concert work. His workshop takes up more room and time in his home at Merion, Pennsylvania, than his valuable musical instruments. There is no reference to this man's mechanical ability in *Who's Who*. Perhaps this is because the two Josef Hofmanns are the same person. Those million-dollar hands, when not drawing incomparable music from the keys to delight his vast and appreciative audiences, are manipulating whirling drills, saws and tools that could ruin them in a flash.

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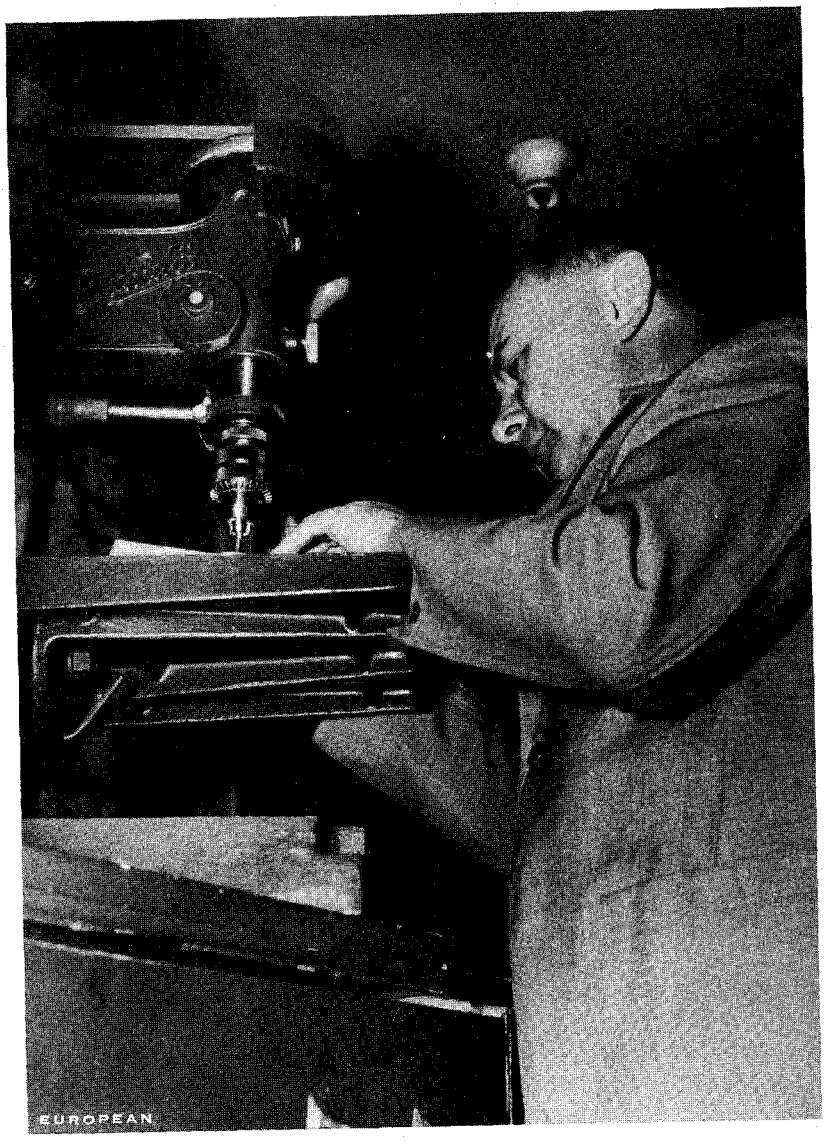

JOSEF HOFMANN

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MRS. CLIFFORD WEAVER

WHOSE DOLLS OF PEACE ARE WELCOME ANTIDOTES TO TOY SOLDIERS

In a war-torn era, Mrs. Clifford Weaver works for world peace, advocating dolls in place of guns. She made the Esperanto Dolls, symbolizing the "universal language." These dolls, depicting the dress and traits of all nations, have been traveling emissaries of good will for the Committee on World Friendship among Children, have been exhibited from coast to coast before organizations of all nationalities and creeds. Mrs. Weaver has sent exact copies to children of England, Wales, Belgium and Canada. Dolls are playthings, but she says they have more power than all the dictators put together. She has addressed hundreds of thousands of U.S. and Japanese children, and introduced the Orient's "Festival of Dolls" here in 1932; the next year more than 100 festivals were held in this country.

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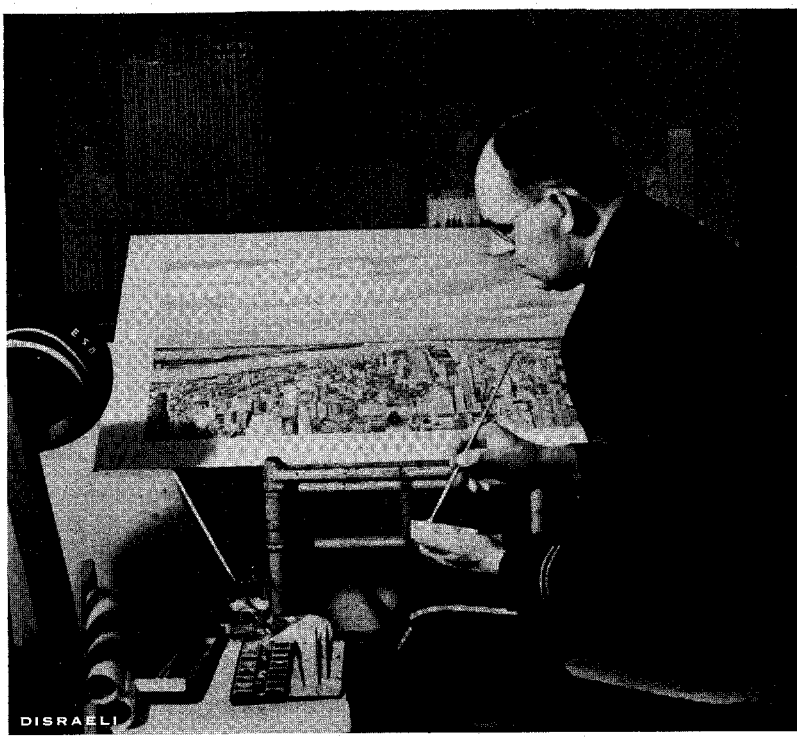

ERNEST WATKINSON

WHO THWARTS SUICIDES AND PAINTS PICTURES ATOP EMPIRE TOWER

ERNEST WATKINSON goes around, professionally, with his head in the clouds. He is guide on the Empire State Building observatory and it is his job to answer questions about the view from the 102nd story. Most frequent inquiry is about suicide attempts. There have been five. Mr. Watkinson is constantly on the watch for oddly-behaving folk who might make a sudden leap. Many people ask "Where is Bermuda?" Such questions make Mr. Watkinson wince a little. Sometimes he gets away from it all by painting. His is the only painting executed from the top of the Building —a water color crammed with detail. He presented it to the Building but would rather sell it to a steamship company for a calendar illustration. Al Smith said he liked it fine. The Metropolitan Museum wasn't so enthusiastic.

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DR. ALDO CASTELLANI

WHO LEADS THE WAR AGAINST DANGEROUS TROPICAL DISEASES

WHEN Mussolini's general staff was preparing the rape of Ethiopia, the writings to which they paid most heed were those of the professor of tropical medicine in Louisiana State University—tall, handsome Aldo Castellani. Histories of tropical campaigns showed few military casualties, but they invariably disclosed a high incidence of disease. That Rome's legionaries learned Castellani's precepts well is shown by the record: twenty-three deaths from disease during the war. Castellani's work in fungous diseases and acclimatization has similarly saved thousands of lives in peaceful lands; he has done more than any other since Ronald Ross and Walter Reed to make the tropics bearable to white men. Of Italian ancestry, but medically trained in London, he chose to establish himself in New Orleans, where he cuts a courtly figure in society. Britain as well as Italy has decorated him.

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JOSEPH SCHILLINGER

WHOSE AMAZING THEORY IS ENDORSED BY BENNY GOODMAN AND EINSTEIN

TO PUT it simply—which is difficult—Joseph Schillinger has evolved a mathematical approach to the arts. With his method you can compose music and paint pictures by working a series of mathematical formulas. Benny Goodman plays his clarinet according to the Schillinger system. A product of many universities and a lecturer in many more, Schillinger can dissect a Bach fugue or a T'ang vase and show that each is really the sum total of algebraic equations. He also can claim to be the organizer of Russia's first jazz band. The value of his scientific theory of the arts has been endorsed in many ways. Albert Einstein has approved. Pupils at Schillinger's New York studio have been such diversified believers as Tommy Dorsey, Nina Koshetz, Oscar Levant, Red Norvo, Michel Gousikoff, and Lennie Hayton. The late George Gershwin composed *Porgy and Bess* by Schillinger's method.

LEWIS JACOBS

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MARY BRECKINRIDGE

WHO ENLISTS DEBUTANTES FOR HER HILLBILLY NURSING SERVICE

ALL good debutantes do social work and some of it is important. The Frontier Nursing Service of Mrs. Mary Breckinridge certainly is. Founded in 1925 to combat the infant death rate in remotest sections of the Kentucky mountains, where medical facilities were nonexistent, its roving nurses and mounted debutante-couriers from New York, Philadelphia and other cities, have virtually wiped out mortality through pregnancy, once 30% higher there than elsewhere in the U.S. They now guard mountaineers against all kinds of ills. Member of one of Kentucky's most aristocratic families, Mrs. Breckinridge was a nurse in France during the War, became a midwife in the Scottish Highlands, where she got the idea for Frontier Service. Her work is now widely copied. She lives in a log cabin, raises chickens.

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INCREDIBLE COLOSSUS

AN ACCOUNT OF HERCULES IN KNEE BREECHES, WHO ROARED GRANDLY THROUGH THE REVOLUTION

IN THE turbulent years from 1775 to 1781 American history bulged with men and events. Under the perspective of time many of them gained in stature; others, important and spectacular for the moment, dropped into obscurity, only occasionally to be revived in the byways of research.

The story of Peter Francisco, his valor, his great strength and his Sword of Death is no myth, but soundly authenticated record. He was the factual Paul Bunyan of the American Revolution.

★ ★ ★

On a June morning in 1765 a few idlers lounging among the empty tobacco hogsheads on the village wharf at City Point, Virginia, observed a strange, seabeaten craft bending into port from the channel of James River. There was nothing to show her nationality.

The anchor splashed. The captain's gig pulled toward the wharf and glided to the landing stage. From the stern sheets a boy of about five years was lifted and deposited on the dock. The boat shoved off. The ship weighed anchor, slipping silently downstream.

Such was Peter's introduction to America, his sole possessions the clothes he wore and a pair of silver shoe buckles, graved with the initials "P. F."

Behind the round eyes of the friendless little foreigner lingered the nostalgic vision of a mother who spoke to him in liquid accents . . . a sister whose dark eyes laughed . . . a splendid home in a park . . . three men with sweetmeats and alluring words who enticed his sister and himself down a sloping, tree-bordered road . . . a cloak thrown about his head . . . his sister's razored screams . . . a ride on horseback . . . the ocean, the bitter ocean.

That was all. Peter's memory, when he was old enough to begin remembering, held no more. But among the musty records in a Spanish crypt was discovered not so many years ago a notation that in the mid-18th century the father and infant son of the Castilian house of Francisco were ordered beheaded for political reasons by royal decree. The ax fell only on the neck of the father.

Ten years later Peter's fame as

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"the Virginia Giant" spread across the countryside. At fifteen he stood six feet, six inches; weighed twenty stone; was thewed like Thor.

Returning by way of City Point from the Virginia Burgesses in Williamsburg, Judge Anthony Winston had chanced upon the forlorn little waif, adopted him. Peter's tutoring was negligible, but on many of the woodland excursions the boy was accompanied by Judge Winston's nephew, Patrick Henry, who imbued him with the "Give me liberty or give me death" spirit of the Revolution that even then was seething feverishly from Boston to Charleston.

Miraculous tales of "the Virginia Giant" sprinkled the guarded tavern gossip of impending revolt. It was told how young Francisco had rescued a six-horse load of tobacco, mired to the hubs in a hollow, by pushing it unaided onto high ground; how he had laid a line of planks into a bog and saved a cow and her calf, swinging the mother to his shoulder and carrying the calf beneath his other arm. Opinion was common in the community that Peter, properly aroused, could "damn near lick an army o' Redcoats."

And Peter did.

When Colonel Hugh Woodson's Tenth Virginia joined Washington at Middlebrook in 1776 the mighty Francisco was with them—a boy with the strength of a gorilla. Skirmishes around New York and Philadelphia, and even the strenuous defense of Mud Island Fort in Delaware River, merely whetted Peter's appetite for battle. He got more than a taste of it at Brandywine. As the hand-to-throat struggle reeled back and forth across the field, sixteen-year-old Peter, flailing his musket like an attenuated jawbone of an ass, fought with so willing and cheerful a vigor that the only British who remained around him when he rested lay curiously awkward and still.

Francisco's battles usually ended in mass murder. In an individual brawl at Germantown he perfected the dainty trick of seizing two opponents in his hands and cracking their heads together like eggshells. The British had reason to know also when he was at Monmouth. Boyish Lafayette learned of him there, and Lafayette was amazingly pleased. He told General Washington.

★ ★ ★

At midnight of July 16, 1779, "Mad Anthony" Wayne hurled two columns of infantry and Peter Francisco up the slope of Stony Point, impudent little fortress which commanded the lush and vital valley of the Hudson. Over rows of abatis and into a whining rain of lead they surged, Francisco on the crest of the charge, his great bulk forging upward with astonishing agility, his bayonet stabbing like a piston. By the side of Lieutenant Harry Gibbons he was the first to blast across the wall, laying about him like a wild windmill. Then Francisco collapsed, a nine-inch bul-

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let wound in his belly. Stony Point had been carried.

Francisco was offered a lieutenant's commission, and promptly declined it. Strategies, maneuvers, drills were no concern of powerful Peter; plain fighting was his business. Muskets broke and bayonets bent when he wielded them. So, by special order of General Washington, his Sword of Death was forged—a frightful weapon, five feet over all with a broad blade honed sharp as a scalpel.

August of 1780 found Francisco and his sword with the Virginia militia under General Horatio Gates in South Carolina. At the dismal rout that was the Battle of Camden, Francisco ran with the rest of them, but not until he had salvaged a few wisps of shredded Colonial reputation.

The British charged. Virginia's militia wavered, then broke in a panic. A bullet thudded into the shoulder of Colonel William Mayo as he stood his ground in a futilely heroic attempt to check the stampede. A grenadier, bayonet outthrust, dashed on him when to the Colonel's side leaped Francisco. The Sword of Death whistled once in a deft beheading. It whistled twice to unhorse a British officer into whose saddle Colonel Mayo was lightly tossed. It whistled a third time, and into another saddle vaulted Francisco to join in the frantic flight.

From woodland and high road, from furtive gully and hillside cave, the fugitives from Gates' mortifying defeat gathered about General Nathaniel Greene in the vicinity of Guilford in North Carolina. Among them was Francisco about whose huge presence clung the remnants of a company, some of them wounded, most of them footsore, all of them frightened—all but Francisco on whose head Cornwallis put a worthy price, dead or alive.

With this halo of gold to mark him for special slaughter, Francisco thundered into the Battle of Guilford on his captured horse, the Sword of Death splashing blood until a grenadier's bayonet, partially parried in its lunge, burned through Francisco's thigh and into the ribs of his mount. The grenadier died on the spot. Francisco, hideously hurt, crawled back to Virginia.

It was while Peter was recovering from this wound that his celebrated fight at Ward's Tavern occurred.

Colonel Banastre Tarleton's hard-bitten cavalry, ranging ahead of Cornwallis' march toward Yorktown and disaster, scoured the Blue Ridge hills of Albemarle County, Virginia, for Thomas Jefferson and the Commonwealth's legislature. The quarry having scurried into safe hiding, Tarleton made a course east through Buckingham County and on into Amelia for the next best prize—Francisco.

The Colonel had more or less accurate information of big Peter's whereabouts that mid-summer of 1781 and when his dragoons jangled into an encampment near Ben Ward's

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place, a sergeant and his sabered squad of eight were dispatched to surround the tavern and bring back Francisco —for summary execution, or so it was said. Unarmed, unconscious that Ward had betrayed him, Francisco lounged in the taproom. It was there, at sword's point, the sergeant captured him. Submitting meekly enough, the Virginia Giant was marched into the coach yard. While a saber twinkled with tremulous suggestion at Francisco's throat, the sergeant cautiously searched him. There were no weapons —merely a paltry coin or two, a snuff box and—

Said the sergeant: "I'll thank'ee, feller, fer them right fetchin' shoe buckles."

Peter glanced down at the ornaments which had been the twin treasures of his childhood.

"Take them yourself."

The sergeant grinned. Tucking his saber under his left armpit, he knelt to unfasten them.

A dreadful smile curled Francisco's lips. A huge hand shot out, seized the saber, whipped it in a sweeping arc; a great buckled shoe caught the sergeant gaspingly in the belly. Peter spun on his captors, the saber singing exultantly as it beat through the steel thrown up against it.

Two men dropped; two others fled incontinent at Peter's fury as the agonized sergeant raised himself on an elbow, drew pistol and fired. Peter saw too late. A bullet scorched his temple. But it failed to stop a cutting thrust that severed the sergeant's arm just above the wrist.

The bullet stung Francisco as a hornet might sting a bull. Bellowing wrath, he whirled on the four remaining Redcoats. They were gone, running toward Tarleton's camp as though the devil was after them.

Peter mopped his crimsoned brow. Then he untethered the mounts of the dragoons, vaulted onto the largest, scattered the others and made off down a curving forest lane where Tarleton's full legion could not follow and nothing less would dare.

★ ★ ★

For one hundred and seven years Peter Francisco has been buried under the elms of old Shockoe Cemetery in Richmond.

None knows what became of his Sword of Death, though several sincere efforts have been made to trace it. The Virginia Historical Society has a case of razors presented him by General Greene. A metal highway marker of the Virginia Conservation Commission recalls Peter's fight with Tarleton's men; there is a rugged portrait of him in the Governor's Mansion at Richmond, while on the tranquil Carolina field which once rocked to the Battle of Guilford stands a tall granite shaft with the legend:

"Peter Francisco, a giant of incredible strength, here killed eleven British soldiers with his broadsword and, although badly wounded by a bayonet, made his escape."

—Clarence E. Boykin

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HAPPY ENDING

SUGGESTION, BY EXAMPLE, FOR NICE REPORTERS —TO BE FILED AWAY FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

ONCE upon a time there was a reporter, and he died and went to heaven because he was a good reporter and always wrote what was expected of him the way he was expected to write it, and a fellow who is regular like that certainly deserves to go to heaven. So when he got there he said what kind of a place is this, and they said it's the best place going, positively. Well, he said, I guess I'll just have a nice rest and maybe play a harp once in a while when I feel like it, and they said sure, that is O.K. by us.

So he rested and played his harp for a couple of eons, and then he began to get kind of bored and said I want something to do. And they said we thought you would, they all do. I wonder what I should do, he said, and they referred him to the suggestion board, and the suggestion board said why don't you run a paper and write news items for it? He looked kind of skeptical at that, but they said remember this is heaven and you can write up your news any way you want to, and that's not all. You can order your news events beforehand, and they will happen any way you want them to, and he said no kidding, and they said no kidding.

Boy, he said, you've got something there so let's get right down to work and get out a paper. He scratched his head for a moment, and then he said first of all I guess I will order a bank robbery. So he ordered the bank robbery, and sure enough everything turned out just the way he ordered it, and he was very happy and he sat down and wrote, and this is what he wrote:

THIRD NATIONAL BANK ROBBED

In an unexciting hold-up thugs removed $16,000 in securities from the safe of the Third National Bank this afternoon. It so happened that $335,000 in cash was lying on a shelf by one of the cashier's windows, and the robbers did *not* overlook this. In fact one of them found it practically instantly. As they departed from the bank, brandishing revolvers, the leader remarked: "Go ahead and give the alarm right now; we won't shoot you if you do." The gangsters then casually proceeded to make their getaway in a low-powered runabout.

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Police Commissioner Albatross, when interviewed last night, remarked: "We haven't the faintest idea who pulled this job, and the chances are we'll never find out. $351,000 in one haul! Boy oh boy, crime certainly does pay!"

★ ★ ★

After he had batted out this opus, the reporter asked can I have a football game, please? And they said sure. I mean is it the right season for football, he said, and they replied there are no seasons around here. Anything you want any time any place, so he said good, let me have a football game like this, and he told them how it was to be, and he wrote:

SUBURBIA TRIMS MARLINSPIKE

In one of their infrequent and very untraditional encounters Suburbia knocked the spots off a punk Marlinspike team this afternoon, 63-0. A noteworthy feature of the game was that Marlinspike was not only outplayed but out-gamed and did *not* fight bravely to the final whistle.

Your reporter happened to encounter Woof Hager, former Marlinspike all-American of the nineties, and asked him what he thought of the current Marlinspike aggregation. "In spite of the smearing it took today," he replied, "it could have walloped the daylights out of the teams in my day. You have no idea how much better football is played nowadays."

★ ★ ★

The reporter was a little weary now, so he said give me some summer weather and I'll just write that up before I go out to lunch, and he told them how he wanted the weather, and this is how he reported it:

The thermometer reached 80 today and stayed there all day, which is the normal temperature for this time of year. If today set any kind of a record it was in being neither the hottest nor coolest nor rainiest nor driest nor muggiest nor windiest nor calmest July 19th in the history of the weather bureau.

★ ★ ★

Whereupon, having dashed off that fragment, the deceased went out to lunch and he had a good feed and thought up some more items to report and felt swell when he got back. So he said give me a movie actress now, according to these specifications, and he told them just what, and then he wrote up a little interview for the late afternoon editions:

ART NOT ENOUGH, SAYS ACTRESS

Fairly glamorous Lalita McClusky, famed actress, condescended to give your reporter a few pearls of wisdom this afternoon, and revealed a few interesting facts about her private likes and dislikes. "I suppose," she said, "that the public thinks I am just a domestic little thing who loves to cook and sew and weed my garden, but nothing could be further from the truth. The last time I cooked was when I made some punk fudge at the age of thirteen, and I can't sew a lick. As for gardens, I hate them. Anyhow, I'm making plenty of dough

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right now, and wouldn't I be a sap to let myself in for all that sort of drudgery when I can pay people to do it for me?"

"How about sports?" we asked her. "Do you go in for tennis and things like that?"

"I do not," replied Miss McClusky. "I hate to be out in the sun."

"But," we insisted, "you must have some outside interests."

"I've got plenty," she retorted. "I like champagne and caviar and Scotch and night clubs and swing music and lots of jewelry and furs. If I had my way and wasn't afraid it would ruin my looks, I'd stay up till four o'clock every morning making whoopee."

"Would you care to make any comment about your recent divorce?"

"I don't mind," she admitted without reluctance.

"We simply want to know how you feel about it," we told her. "We presume you are still the best of friends. Are we right?"

"Wrong as hell," said Miss McClusky. "I think that guy's a heel, and I always will think so."

★ ★ ★

And now, said the reporter, a science symposium, please, just a nice little science symposium, and kindly have it turn out like this, and he outlined his thoughts in the matter. So he attended the symposium, and then he went back to his typewriter, and pecked out a little paragraph:

Before an undistinguished gathering of scientists at the thirty-seventh annual science symposium of Colossus University, Professor Malkin Welkin disclosed the results of over ten thousand experiments on the effects of giving overdoses of sugar to white rats. "The results," said Professor Welkin, "don't seem to prove a doggone thing."

★ ★ ★

Well, thought our hero, that is pretty good for a start. I will just do one more today, and then knock off. So he got hold of the make-it-happen committee again, and said I want some foreign news, and this is what I want. He told them, and said can you do it? It will be a little tough, they said, tougher than anything you have asked, but we'll take a try. So they did it, and this was the last story the reporter knocked off before he called it a day. Writing it made him feel very heavenly indeed:

BRITAIN OUTLINES FOREIGN POLICY

The British Foreign Office today outlined the possible conflicts that may break out in Europe. Against each of these possibilities is stated clearly exactly what Great Britain's course will be, whether she will remain aloof or join in the fighting. "These decisions," said a reliable spokesman, "are irrevocable, and do not depend on a possible future turn of events."

★ ★ ★

When he had finished this, the reporter played his harp, and the folks who were listening said he had never played it better. —PARKE CUMMINGS

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THE PARADISES LOST

THE LEGEND OF ATLANTIS, THE BLESSED ISLE, LIVES YET TO EXCITE THE IMAGINATION OF MAN

TROUBLED by the present, uncertain of the past, fearful of the future, man has always looked to dream-castles for that sweetness of existence and Utopian perfection that his daily life would not afford. Somehow, this creature, allegedly cousin to the great apes, has through the millennia nourished traditions of an ideal state, one in which he once passed his days and to which he would someday return. In the beginning at least, there was peace, good will and a sufficiency for all men.

In the Holy Books of the Western World there was Eden, where the first man dwelt; came the fall and Eden was lost to him. But forever after man dreamt of attaining perfection again. Since he could not expect to realize it in this life he turned to look forward to it after death, or after "*this* life."

However, the material creature was still eager to be assured that even the ideal state might be realized in a material fashion. Distant pastures being greener, distant lands loomed as ideal places, blessed abodes. Returning travelers, as eager to spin a good yarn then as now, sowed their tales in fertile soil, until it became difficult to distinguish the fact from the fiction.

Sweet was the air and temperate the climate of these Edens. Fountains gushed, fine trees and beautiful flowers grew, and the birds sang the day long. There was no labor and no worry and viands of every sort were available as if by magic. There were palaces and splendors, fair maidens and handsome youths, and riches without end. No wonder men yearned —and still yearn—for these prodigal isles.

They were of various sizes, these dwelling-places of the chosen. Some were small islands, others were large cities, and still others were vast continents. Indeed, our paradises lost must be divided into islands and continents to separate the small tales from the tall tales.

Homer wrote of the Elysium, located in the Islands of the Blest in the remote western seas beyond the Pillars of Hercules, which today is Gibraltar. Somewhere in those waters off the western coast of Africa the Garden of Hesperides was located; there, too,

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the Fortunate Isles of Pindar and the Elysian Fields of the Egyptians.

In Celtic mythology there was an Isle of the Blessed in the North Atlantic. In Irish mythology there was *Thierna na oge*, a land of eternal youth and joy, which was a city of fine palaces sunk beneath the Atlantic.

In 545 A.D. St. Brendan of Clonfort, an Irish monk, is recorded as having sailed southwest from Ireland until he came to a beautiful island. His voyages—perhaps founded on Sindbad's travels in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*—related of a terrestrial paradise where St. Brendan spent seven years.

In the 9th century a marvelous land was said to exist in the extreme eastern portion of Asia and from the descriptions given referred, no doubt, to China, the Celestial Empire. Stories were also told of a wonderful land lying east of China and watered—as was the Garden of Eden—by the four rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and the Euphrates. The mythical Prester John, the Christian priest and king who was supposed to have conquered heathen territories in Central Asia, declared that there was a terrestrial paradise but three days' journey from his lands —wherever his lands were.

In the 12th century paradise was an island opposite the mouth of the Ganges River in India. Then Sir John Mandeville, the English traveler who wrote of his wanderings in the East, held that a wondrous Eden existed at Columbo on the Island of Ceylon, farther down the Bay of Bengal from the mouth of the Ganges.

In the 14th century there was the Norwegian traveler Eirek who, as an Icelandic saga records, went to search for the fabulous Deathless Land of pagan Scandinavian mythology. He, too, found his Eden east of India.

However, the tradition of these blessed islands may have stemmed from the tradition of a lost continent. Surely more data is available about the latter and the best of skeptics must check their doubts and hear the evidence in favor of the legend: once there was Atlantis.

Plato relates the story in the dialogues *Timaeus* and *Critias*. But Plato declared the tale came from Solon the lawgiver, who got it in conversation with Egyptian high priests. Said the Egyptians to Solon: there was once an island, outside of the straits known as the Columns of Hercules, which was larger than Libya and Asia Minor together. On this island, called Atlantis, was a great and wonderful empire. This was 9,000 years before Solon, approximately 11,600 years ago. Atlantis afforded precious metals, fine woods, tame and wild animals, fruits, meats and ointments, possessed temples, palaces, harbors, canals, bridges and docks, also cisterns, bathing-places, and race-courses. The Atlanteans were good people: "They despised everything but virtue . . ." However, the Atlanteans once lost their purity of spirit and wantonly

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waged war on the Greeks. Sometime later, "There occurred," says Plato in *Timaeus*, "violent earthquakes and floods and in a single day and night of rain all the warlike men were in a body sunk into the earth." Atlantis sank beneath the sea. That was why the ancients believed the sea in those parts to be impassable: shallow mud and weeds made an impenetrable Sea of Darkness out of the ocean.

The story of Atlantis, moreover, cannot be dealt with lightly. The Egyptians told Solon the destruction of Atlantis accounted for the tradition of the flood, which the Greeks knew as the Deluge of Deucalion and which is the same as the Deluge of Noah in the Bible. Peculiarly, there are Deluge legends in the traditions not only of the Hebrews, the Phoenicians, the Chaldeans, the Greeks, the Hindus, the Iranians, the Welsh and the Scandinavians, but also of the Aztecs, Toltecs, the peoples of ancient Central and South America and even of the Indian tribes of North America, particularly the Delawares, the Mandans, the Iowas, the Iroquois, the Chickasaws, the Apaches and the Sioux.

Fifty years ago, Ignatius Donnelly, an American lawyer and author interested in the subject, wrote a treatise entitled: *Atlantis: The Antediluvian World*, in which he labored the thesis that Atlantis was the cradle of civilization; that it was therefore the original Garden of Eden. To the Greeks it was Olympus and the Gardens of Hesperides; to the Egyptians it was the Elysian Fields; to the Scandinavians it was the sacred Asgard. Donnelly developed the theory that the Aztecs, the Incas and the Moundbuilders of the Western Hemisphere were originally colonists from Atlantis and that even Egypt, whose grandeur and civilization have, save on the score of mechanical invention, never been equaled, was an early colony of this island empire.

However that may be, that an Atlantis had once existed was not doubted in ancient times. And whatever there may be in the Atlantis legend—if the lost continent is denied as the cradle of western civilization—its hold on the imagination of man has been powerful indeed. For Atlantis seems to supply at once a bridge between the Mediterranean World and the New World, and a fountainhead from which both may have derived their arts, crafts and customs.

Certainly there are unusual coincidences that would lead one to suspect a common origin for the cultures on both sides of the Atlantic: pyramids are found only in Egypt and in Mexico and Yucatan. Egypt's great pyramid at Cheops was 450 feet high and 746 feet square at the base and covered a dozen acres of land. Near Mexico City at Teotihuacan is a pyramid 200 feet high, 680 feet square at the base and covering eleven acres, while at Cholula is one which, despite its ruined condition, is 160 feet high, 1400 feet square at the base and covers forty-five acres. Throughout Mex-

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ico are numerous other pyramids, all bearing structural similarities to the Egyptian pyramids. Indeed, the huge mounds made by the Moundbuilder peoples in the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys may have only been cruder forms of the pyramid.

Strong priesthoods exercised powerful influence over the populaces on both sides of the Atlantic. Embalming was practiced by both Egyptian and Mexican nations. The calendar of the Mayas and Aztecs rivaled that of the Egyptians, each providing for a year of 365 days and six hours and for the intercalation of additional days to bring the calendars up to date with the sun. The sign of the cross, or the *tau*, was reverenced on both sides of the Atlantic. The tradition of a Garden of Eden was also enjoyed by these different peoples, separated by the broad ocean.

Both the Egyptians and the Mexicans were agricultural peoples; both excelled in working metals, the base and the precious, in carpentry and masonry, in sculpture, in ceramics, in painting. The Egyptians, of course, as an apparently older culture, excelled in the sciences and retained none of the crudities that remained with the peoples of the New World. Nevertheless, one cannot help marveling at the chain of coincidences. And the Aztecs said their original land was Aztlan, which may have been a form of the name "Atlantis."

Geologists, relying on deep-sea soundings in the eastern Atlantic, have theorized that the Azores and Madeira may be the peaks of a mountain range that once stood high above the water level. St. Paul's Island, Ascension, St. Helena and Tristan D'Acunha far down in the south Atlantic may have been other peaks on a vast stretch of land rising out of the ocean west of the British Isles and as far south as the Tropic of Capricorn.

That Atlantis could have been destroyed by an awful cataclysm is not to be doubted. The entire area of the Atlantic Ocean is not unused to earthquakes, seaquakes and volcanic eruptions from Iceland and Ireland to the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, and from Jamaica to Tristan D'Acunha. Besides a catastrophe on such a large scale would offer a rational basis for the Deluge legend. Moreover, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that scientific expeditions may, by scouring the ocean floor off the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands, yet bring to light concrete evidence of the presence of a sunken continent. At any rate, Atlantis remains to excite the imaginations of men.

Of course, Atlantis was not the only "lost" continent. Since the earth tore away from the sun and entered the gay whirl of the planetary system on its own the crust of this sphere has buckled and strained, shifting the land masses as it subsided. The continents therefore have perhaps always undergone changes in their perimeters

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as well as in their vertical profiles. Wherever there is water today there may have been land millennia ago.

The Pacific and Indian Oceans with their vast stretches of water, dotted only here and there by islands, have invited speculation. Ernst Haeckel, the biologist, troubled to explain the peculiar distribution of lemurs, the "half-apes" who are the lowest in the order of primates and had been found only in south central Africa, Madagascar and Asia, developed the hypothesis that a vast island or continent must have existed in the Indian Ocean, embracing from southern Africa and Madagascar to and including the Malay Archipelago. "Lemuria" was the name given to this purely hypothetical continent, for on it the lemurs were supposed to have flourished and from it been distributed.

Then the remains of lemurs were found in America and Europe and, the hypothesis unnecessary, Lemuria faded, to remain only as an intellectual curiosity to plague students of the history of biology on examination day.

From time to time the Pacific has come in for its share of the blessed isles. The profusion of coral atolls and islets throughout this vast body of water has excited more than one man to head for a paradise in the South Seas where, with fruits and coconuts for the picking, native lassies for the asking, and the boom of the surf to mark the passage of time, life could ebb and flow with a minimum of pain and a maximum of pleasure.

There is Easter Island, 1200 miles off the coast of Chile, with its more than five hundred remarkable stone statues from four to nearly eighty feet high. What people made these idols, whence came they, and what happened to them, for the islands are virtually uninhabited today? The nearest important islands are a thousand miles away in the archipelago in which Tahiti is located, and no statues of this type have been found there or anywhere on the South American continent. Did another continent exist there in the South Pacific centuries ago? This is admittedly fancy.

But the free reign of fancy has—except for the Atlantis legend—created most of the tales of pleasant lands, little Utopias. With space shrunken by the communication and transportation inventions of modern science and almost every nook and cranny of the planet explored, it becomes simpler to weed the fact from the fiction. Yet in a troubled world, with new darknesses of intolerance and fanaticism overshadowing us, who shall begrudge man a dream of some island, large or small, in whatever direction, where one can live in peace and tranquillity, without struggle and without bloodshed? Happily no building code can ever be formulated to limit the creation of dream-castles on the half-shell.

—Philip Paul Daniels

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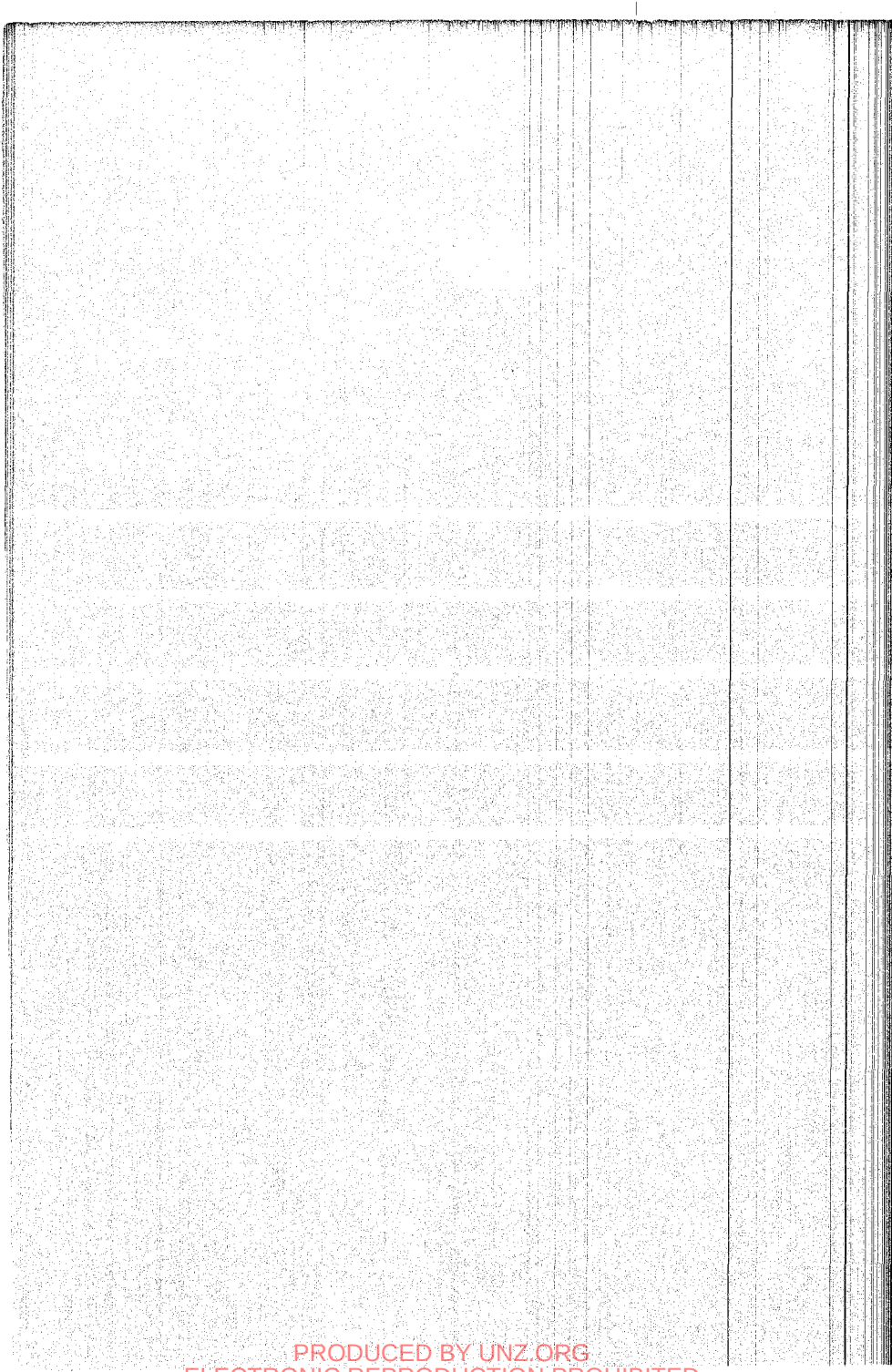
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